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G. A. STUDDERT KENNEDY

J. Russell & Sons

G. A. STUDDERT KENNEDY

BY HIS FRIENDS

HODDER AND STOUGHTON
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PREFACE

TO this Memoir of Geoffrey Studdert Kennerly a few words of introduction are necessary. His life was of such a character that no one person could do justice to it. We who have combined in this labour of love knew him in different aspects of that life ; we have written out of our actual knowledge of some special phase or piece of work. We are at one in the love and honour in which we hold him as a friend. And if through what we have written, the readers of this Memoir gain or recapture some impression of that intensity of life and nobility of spirit which were his, we shall be well satisfied.

In connexion with the first chapter, my special thanks are due to all those who have so willingly contributed particular recollections. And it would be a serious and most ungracious omission if I failed to acknowledge most thankfully the energy and encouragement of the Rev. Arthur Hird of Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. This book is our tribute to a friend : it is his as well.

J. K. MOZLEY.

23 July, 1929.

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STUDDERT KENNEDY:
HOME LIFE AND EARLY
YEARS OF HIS MINISTRY
J. K. MOZLEY

HOME LIFE AND EARLY YEARS OF HIS
MINISTRY

GEOFFREY Anketell Studdert Kennedy was born at St. Mary's Vicarage, Quarry Hill, Leeds on the 27th of June, 1883, the seventh son of the Rev. W. S. Studdert Kennedy. For the recollections of his early years which follow I am indebted to his brother, the Rev. W. A. Studdert Kennedy, vicar of All Saints, Gosforth on Tyne :

“ Mother always said he was the best baby she ever had. When he was about two years old (or less), a storm one night blew down a chimney, and some bricks fell through the ceiling close to his cot. I remember him being carried down into the nursery—and his chubby face one big smile.

His first attack of asthma was when he was about six or seven. I can see him now, with his large eyes, languidly playing with a wooden horse, and enduring my clumsy efforts to entertain him.

He always had an extraordinary laugh, which would have been unpleasant but for the fact that it was so perfectly real. Once as a small boy he stood in a circle round some nigger minstrels in Harrogate Stray. One of the performers in desperation turned to him and said, 'My lad, you have a horrid laugh.'

As a child he was very absent-minded, but he was genuinely distressed when it inconvenienced anybody. I see now his face of dismay when he was reminded of his forgetfulness.

He put his whole soul into our children's games and entertainments, and my sister Rachael took him away from a nigger entertainment I stage managed, because he could not breathe behind a black mask he was wearing.

He loved the country, and excursions into Wharfedale when, with one bicycle between six, we went for a day into the country."

His sister, Miss Rachael Studdert Kennedy, writes of his early characteristics:

"He was always very fond of reading, and even before he could read himself would sit

still as long as anyone would read to him. His first lessons were of rather a spasmodic nature: first one elder sister or brother would take him in hand for a while and then another, but he managed to glean a good deal of information for himself, for even as a child he was a thinker. On one well remembered occasion, when disappointed that he could not do something that had been promised for a long time, he declared with great conviction 'everything has a beginning and everything has an end,'—evidently thinking that some day he would be able to do as the others did. Sometimes his absent mindedness got him into difficulties; sent with a message, one was never quite certain what would happen; there is a family tradition that Geoff was once sent to the green-grocer's to order two pounds of strawberries and a stone of potatoes; the man delivered two stones of strawberries and two pounds of potatoes, and said those were his orders. Geoff was very sorry, but he was thinking of something entirely different, he said."

At the age of nine Geoffrey went to a small private school in Leeds. There he remained

for some years, and then, with the aid of some extra coaching, entered Trinity College, Dublin, at the surprisingly early age of fourteen. But after his entrance he suspended his college course and entered Leeds Grammar School.

It was here that I came to know him. Owing to ill-health I had had to leave Malvern in the summer of 1898, and it was very fortunate for me that not far from our home in Headingley was one of those long-established Grammar Schools of which the North of England is so justly proud. The Headmaster at that time was the Rev. J. H. D. Matthews, who inspired in us feelings of very real affection.

During the first two years which I spent at Leeds Grammar School I knew little of Geoffrey. Our work was different, and I was not able to take my share in the School games. But from the Michaelmas term of 1900 onwards I became increasingly intimate with him, and it was during the last six months of my time at Leeds, which ended in July 1902, that I came to know him and other members of his family in their home surroundings, of which I will say more later. Before I go on to speak of some of Geoffrey's characteristic activities

at school, let me say that never have I been able to fathom the exact nature of the relation between his education at Leeds and his T.C.D. course. I have vague impressions that now and then he used to disappear from school and take some examination at Dublin ; and I know that in February of 1902 news came of his having taken a first class in classical honours in the First Year's examination at Dublin.

Leeds Grammar School meant a great deal to Geoffrey. He worked hard and played hard and entered fully and gladly into the school's corporate life. It would not be true to say that he made many close friends, but it was always natural to him to like and admire people, just as I think it has always been impossible for anyone who has come to know him at all well not to like and admire him. To his school contemporaries he was probably always a bit of a wild Irishman, but I think that those of us who knew him best realized something of the intellectual ability which lay behind his oddities. And from quite an early stage in my friendship with him I was struck with the fineness of his character. This impressed itself greatly upon me. I doubt if the charm of goodness in a

boy could be much more attractively displayed than as I found it in his case. It was quite natural and quite spontaneous. Whatever errors or faults may have been, rightly or wrongly, discerned in Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy, a formal pretence of piety is not one of them.

Here I will insert an appreciation of Geoffrey by one to whom many a Leeds boy has owed some of his best lessons in accurate thought and expression, Mr. A. C. Price, form-master of the Classical Vth but often concerned with VIth form work :

“ Whatever L.G.S. may have done for him, Kennedy’s real development was later, and at school he scarcely stood out from the ranks of his contemporaries. My memory of him is of a singularly good-tempered boy with an Irish brogue, a roguish twinkle in his eye, and a pleasant smile, who gave no trouble to his master, and never got into hot water, but was liked both by masters and boys ; interested in all the School life, both in work and games, but without (I think) any conspicuous distinction in either. I seem to remember—but I may be mistaken—that when he came to me he had

considerable ground to make up in work, and I certainly remember thinking it a pity that he was bent on going to Dublin as I fancied he might have got a scholarship or exhibition at Oxford or Cambridge, though whether he would have distinguished himself in the schools is doubtful. My impression is that he was a slow developer—one of those boys who often turn out best in after life, in whom the seed is sown in a good ground, but time is needed for it to spring up and produce a bounteous crop. What that crop has been in his case you know even better than I, but I myself was surprised when reading his books at seeing in them far more thought, culture, scholarship, than I had ever expected from him, and these, too, linked with remarkable clarity of thought, and vividness of expression—transparent sincerity, sympathy, courage and unfailing belief in the goodness of God.”

It is no reflection on a famous University from which, owing to the character of his connexion with it, Geoffrey was unable to gain all the profit it had to offer, if I say that I believe that in later life it was Geoffrey’s own

opinion that it would have been a good thing for him had it been possible for him to go to Oxford or Cambridge. And while I should always hesitate to differ from so singularly wise a judge of personality as Mr. Price, I think that Geoffrey, with his combination of keen intellectual interest and capacity for hard work, would have done well in the classical schools of either of those Universities.

There is one incident relating to Geoffrey's powers of spirited translation which is worthy of special mention. For it and for some other impressions of Geoffrey as a schoolboy I am indebted to my friend the Rev. Alfred Thompson, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Wimbledon. Mr. Thompson was captain of the Rugby XV at Leeds Grammar School in the years 1900-1902.

IMPRESSIONS OF GEOFFREY AS A SCHOOLBOY

“ In a school society which was very rich in friendship I think that Kennedy was a unifying force. There are boys who by strength of character and by excellence in games, less frequently by their intellectual ability, come to the front. There are others who with very little

inferiority, if any, in these respects just fail to take a position of leadership. They perhaps work a little less hard, possibly they are more natural and less self-repressed. Be the cause what it may, there is often friction between these two types, or if not friction in fact at any rate a certain smouldering jealousy. Now my impression is that Kennedy knew us all, saw the good in others and brought it out. There was in him no sign of superiority, and so he brought different types together. Then again he was a thoroughly good sportsman. Some of us are too desperately anxious to win in Yorkshire. I remember once asking Kennedy what his chances of winning the mile were. 'I shall never beat Harry,' he replied, 'but I hope to be able to make him run well enough to beat the record.' He was perfectly natural and without self-consciousness. In temperament he was certainly older than most of us and thus I think his harmonising influence was of real value. He had been at a private school in Leeds, and then he spent a year in Dublin, so that he came to us with an experience of a larger world than most of us had. The brilliance of T.C.D. scholarship he was sufficiently

a poet to appreciate, tho' he must have been quite a boy when he was there first. His memory held fast to translations made in the lecture rooms of T.C.D. In the 6th at Leeds we were running quickly through the *Apology* and Kennedy was translating. There are, as you know, some rather long sentences in Socrates' speeches which, if not broken up, seem rather involved. Kennedy, without taking any liberties with the Greek, rolled out sentence after sentence of perfect English. The master, the excellence of whose degree was not at that time equalled by practical good sense, said: 'That's a very good translation, Kennedy, are you using a Crib?' I was sitting next to Kennedy and I feared an explosion. It was interesting to see the look of fury on his face, and to hear his indignant protest. Both however gave way to his sense of humour, and a general laugh closed the situation so far as we were concerned. I have however a shrewd suspicion that the Head of the School did not let the matter quite stop there.

Kennedy gave me the impression of being a very valuable member of the School, a fellow with a really good brain, a hard working and

intelligent 'Rugger' forward with plenty of strength and grit, and a good long distance runner. He was by no means a bad gymnast, being very evenly balanced in bodily development, and as I have said he was a real bond of union between us all. His voice always struck me as very melodious when he spoke. On one occasion at a debate on Capital Punishment (which he strongly opposed) he made an exquisite bull: 'You are sending him to hell for a crime he has never committed,' but the charm of his voice kept us all silent.

I did not see him much after he left school. That he managed to become a Silver Medallist at T.C.D. always impressed me. As he said to me once, 'I have not sufficient love of detail to become a good scholar,' but he had what students often lack—real imagination and a poetical instinct. He asked my advice about going to Ripon Clergy College. What he dreaded was the theological shop of the acolyte. I was very keen on his going as I felt sure that Major would do him good. I had just been ordained deacon, and was stopping on at the College for a few weeks. The Modernist emphasis on the passivity of God was, I believe,

a theme which he developed very much in later years. Kennedy inherited a certain peculiarity of temperament. His dropping into a kind of Irish brogue was, I think, an expression of this, though a contemporary of his at Ripon, and a fellow country man also, said, 'I wish Kennedy would not speak like a Dublin jarvie to show that he is an Irishman!' But I myself never saw him again after I left Ripon.

My old Vicar heard him in Portsmouth, and said to me : 'Why, the man is a real "maker!"' using the old English word for poet. That was, I fancy, before the war. When the war broke out he became a household name, and I believe it was because he could make people see. We heard that in March 1918 he had been sent to the camps on the east coast to inspire men for the Allies' Cause, and that the strain was so great that he broke down.

My knowledge of Kennedy was thus almost entirely that of a School contemporary. That he made his influence felt and appreciated is very true. That we recognized him as a future genius was not the case. He could not have been a typical English schoolboy for he was not an Englishman, but he needed an ampler

field than any school could have provided, and when that was offered he filled his position. He helped many and therefore his life was not short."

Of the School Literary and Debating Society Geoffrey was for some years a member. It was, I suppose, a fear of Irish storms which led to the secretary of the day remarking, *apropos* of the inclusion in the Society of Geoffrey and his younger brother, "If those Kennedies are elected members I shall resign the secretaryship." However, the election did not result in the retirement of a most excellent secretary, whose fears of what might happen proved as groundless as those of the Conservative old lady who, on hearing that Mr. Gladstone had been at some notable funeral, said: "I hope he did not make a disturbance."

Records of his speeches and papers, taken from the *Leodiensian*, the School magazine, during these years, are of interest and, sometimes, significant for the future. On February 24th, 1900 he "made a poetical speech on the (Boer) war which had little or no connexion with the subject of the debate." On February 5th, 1901 he read a paper on *Irish Peasant Life*

in which he stated that "although he did not defend the action of the tenants in promptly dispatching landlords whose demands for rent were too pressing, yet, considering the Irish character, he wondered there were not more proceedings of that nature." In a debate the same month on the motion "that democracy is a failure," he seconded the opposition, and said "that members opposite had denounced autocracy instead of democracy; he considered England an ideal democracy." In the Michaelmas term of that year he read a paper on *Anarchism*, in the course of which he said that "horrible punishments will never blot out anarchists," and expressed the opinion that the only thing which would effectually do away with it was a state of perfect unity and justice between man and man. That same term there occurred a humorous, and to me rather disconcerting, incident which illustrates that honesty of thought which he always displayed. As secretary of the Society at that time I had received from Geoffrey a promise to propose a motion that arbitration should be substituted for war. But the day before the debate he came to me with the information that in the course of

a discussion (I forget with whom) he had been converted to the other side! The harassed secretary took the job on himself, and, with the welcome aid of the Rev. C. H. S. Matthews, O.L., now Vicar of St. Peter's in Thanet, we carried the motion. Geoffrey spoke against it on the ground that arbitration would mean disarmament, and that this would put temptation in the way of other nations, "which is morally wrong." The last set debate in which there is a record of Geoffrey taking part was on March 24th, 1902, as an "old boy." He seconded the opposition to a motion "that England has mainly herself to thank for her unpopularity abroad." On this (I quote from the *Leodiansian*) he "made an excellent speech, which again took the debate out of the domain of hard fact to the region of abstract ideas. He looked at the question from the point of view of international morality, of which he has the poorest opinion. He doubted the possibility of good feeling between England and the other powers."

In the spring of 1901 the Headmaster offered a prize for the best poem on the late Queen Victoria. For this Geoffrey entered: whether it was his first effort in poetry I do not know.

But I know that I thought his poem very good, though marred by two lines, the only lines of it which I remember, of more than doubtful theology. They ran more or less like this :

“ Then she reigned on earth below,
Now she reigns in heaven above.”

When I commented on this to Geoffrey he told me that it had the sanction of his father, but to that court of appeal I did not carry the matter. The prize went to A. A. Seaton, who was afterwards a colleague of mine as Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge, and who fell in the war. He chose the In Memoriam metre, which I had attempted, but finding it beyond me took refuge in blank verse, a sure sign in a schoolboy of poetical incompetence.

Besides his literary activities Geoffrey took his part in the school games. He was no cricketer, but he was a good Rugby football forward and obtained his school colours in the season of 1899-1900 at the same time as Pat Munro, who afterwards captained Oxford and Scotland. Something of an individualist in his play, he showed great dash and pluck. He was also a good runner both in paper-chases and

over shorter distances, and in the 1901 Sports won the Quarter-mile in $59\frac{1}{5}$. He also played fives and chess. He certainly became fond of the latter game, though never very good at it. I have recollections in more recent years of games in my study—and of the fender becoming fuller and fuller of his cigarette ends.

It was at Christmas of 1901 that Geoffrey left Leeds Grammar School. He had had, with others of us, the value of the teaching of Mr. (now Dr.) Cyril Norwood, who began his career as a schoolmaster by becoming form-master to the Classical VIth at Leeds. But from now onwards to the end of his course at T.C.D. Geoffrey worked at home, with occasional fleeting migrations to Dublin. And it was from the beginning of 1902 that my really intimate acquaintance with him began, and that was bound up with my knowledge of his home environment and of other members of the large family whose headquarters were St. Mary's Vicarage—*the* Vicarage as I came to call it, with a perhaps misplaced ignoring of other vicarages.

I am sure that to the full understanding of Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy some realization of

his home life is, if not indispensable, yet most valuable. Let me say at once that my close association with that life is one of the most delightful memories which I possess. Irish hospitality is famous, and no one could wish for a more generous and cordial reception and welcome into a family than I received from that Irish family in the east of Leeds.

Looking back, I cannot but wonder whether my appearances were not more frequent than was altogether reasonable, but if anyone at the vicarage thought so, it made not the slightest difference to the atmosphere of ungrudging friendliness into which the front door gave entry. The front door was indeed a symbol of the whole house. It may have allowed of being locked at nights, though how far such a practice prevailed is doubtful. Anyhow, the idea that it could have had its use in keeping people out as well as in letting them in would, I am sure, have caused universal merriment. A characteristic manner of entry for myself, or one of the boys, was to pull the bell and walk in, having first called out "Shop." The family was very large, with a considerable measure of diversity among its members, but the deep

harmony which prevailed among them was a wonderful thing to experience. It was a home well-calculated to draw out the affectionate quality of Geoffrey's nature. There was plenty of laughter and of a special brand of what we called "organized humour" in which Geoffrey and his brothers were experts, while, when it was necessary, order was restored by the intervention of the venerable vicar, with whose kindliness of heart there went the capacity for an occasional caustic remark which could serve the purpose of a benevolent but firm closing of a more than usually fervid discussion or protracted piece of wit. He was famous for his trenchant manner of disposing of any argument advanced by a member of the family which struck him as essentially unreasonable, with the remark, "Now you're talking nonsense and I suppose you know it." Geoffrey was equally happy in his mother. She was an entirely uncontroversial person, devoted to the concerns of the family and the house, and, so far as might be, of the parish. This was a far from easy one. The district was very poor; a great many Roman Catholics lived in it, and, I think, some Jews. When I first knew it, before a

large measure of slum clearances was carried through, it was, especially near the church, a region of poor and ill-lighted streets and alleys. The church itself was a large and rather gaunt building with a blackened tower. It had galleries, which have since been taken down, and was altogether too large for the congregation which worshipped there. But there was an atmosphere of homeliness about the church and the services which triumphed over the size of the building and the smallness of the congregation. I used to go there often on a Sunday evening and find in it a further and much-valued link with the family. And such members of the parish as did come were Christians of whom any parish would be proud. There were men attached to the church whose constancy and reliability it would be impossible to overpraise. Geoffrey once said something to me to this effect, that while his father had not been an evangelist on a great scale, those whom he had evangelized were Christians for life. I can well believe that about the men who worshipped in St. Mary's, Quarry Hill. They were such men as form the backbone of a working-class parish, and stand by the church

in all weathers. Geoffrey learnt in this parish his profound affection for the poor, and a reverence for them which never weakened into sentimentality or an ignoring of their failings.

Of Geoffrey in the family circle an illuminating account is given by his brother Maurice, which may here fittingly be inserted.

GEOFFREY IN THE FAMILY CIRCLE

“ You well know his lovable, generous, careless, big-hearted character. There were lots of good-natured family jokes at his expense—particularly in regard to his capacity for becoming entirely lost and absorbed in any and every sort of book or other written matter—from a deep and musty philosophical work to a history of the life, trial and execution of Charles Peace—and emerging from it with a far-away look in his eyes, as though suddenly returned from another world. He read literally *everything* that was put before him. He had a mentality like a vacuum cleaner; it absorbed encyclopædially(!)—but unlike a vacuum cleaner it rejected the rubbish and stored the worth while. He did not however confine himself merely to *absorbing* ideas; he used his information, and

gave it out generously to all and sundry—always and ever wanting to share his mental gains like everything else he had. I gladly admit that practically all the *real* education I got in those days I got from the privilege I enjoyed of companionship and conversation with him. Even then he saw that education is not book-learning but enlightenment. He taught me to think.

So exhaustively did he cover any topic on which he talked that it was frequently said jokingly that if ever he came to preach sermons (a happening which then seemed incredible) he would 'cover the whole field of debateable theology' in every sermon.

He was ever and always a delightful, interesting, helpful, tolerant and good-natured companion ; but his real companions were his thoughts.

He put up with much banter over his tendency to an almost chronic preoccupation—and a certain wild carelessness which resulted. On one occasion with apologetic humility he gave as an explanation of some such extravagant act of carelessness, 'I must have been thinking about something entirely different' ;

and this for ever after became a family slogan about him ; and he was constantly (and often quite untruly) accused of thinking about something entirely different. Anyhow, whatever that something might be, it was never himself.

Many were the family jokes about his carelessness of dress and disregard of outward appearances generally. He would give or lend anything in the world he possessed, and one of many incidents which show the lengths to which his impulsive generosity would go happened when he was a curate at Rugby. There he wore a cassock all day and every day, and it mattered not at all what he wore underneath. The day came however when he had to pay a visit to Leeds, and he appeared before his amazed but delighted family clad (smilingly as ever) in a very new silk hat, a rather less new frock coat, an entirely un-new and soiled pair of flannel tennis trousers, and a pair of definitely old brown boots. He had given away all his other clothes to importunate parishioners ! Being ready to give or lend anything in the world that was his, it seemed natural to him to credit others with the same generous impulses (in this however he was, as ever, over-generous) and he

would borrow freely from any of our wardrobes without the, to him, needless formality of asking. And how we all secretly loved it, whilst openly lamenting it. Proudly arrayed for some special occasion, he would encounter first one and then another of us, and be met with the remark ' Yes, that's a very nice tie of mine. I always rather liked it,' or ' Ah! yes, well do I remember buying that waistcoat. It used to suit me very well,' and so on ; to all of which he would reply with a huge good-natured smile, and perhaps an apologetic murmur that we could have anything of his : and very well we knew it. The only trouble was that, so complete was his disregard for the preservation of clothes, anything that was his would have been far too disreputable to borrow ; he could not (on state occasions anyhow) even wear them himself !

On one famous occasion he appeared before us almost faultlessly attired, and the one solitary article of attire he had on that belonged to him was a pair of old brown shoes, and these were so utterly down at heel that they spoilt the whole thing.

One thing that impressed itself constantly

upon one in regard to him at every stage of his life (even from a tiny child, when he never moped or sulked or cherished a grievance or resentment, but just sadly wept) was his gentle, forgiving, loving nature. He would blaze with fierce indignation at anything nasty, mean, unmanly, treacherous or unkind—any wrong or injustice done to another; but always took with a good-natured smile—or with a patient sad forgiveness—any unkindness or injustice to himself. Some of us who have known this generous forgiveness have upon occasion, like Peter, ‘wept bitterly.’

Manly—sincere—simple—loving—and big; giving and sharing—making slight demands for himself and big ones for others—entering with loving earnestness into the troubles and joys of others—helping always—this is the impression I have of dear Geoff from what I think is my earliest clear recollection of him—a tiny baby of three, crying softly over a pet rabbit that had lost an ear.”

What Maurice says of Geoffrey’s reading bears on his talking. He was always delighted with any opportunity for conversation, and

some of the longest talks I have ever had were with him from the spring of 1902 onwards. We were largely interested in questions and problems of the same kind, especially theological ones. He is probably regarded as a daring and individualistic thinker with no great regard for the canons of orthodoxy. Such a view is not without backing in some of his published work. But it would be a grave mistake to suppose that his inclination lay in that direction, or that he lacked a profound regard for the theological tradition of Catholic Christianity. To speak of the later years of his life, and of the character of his teaching and writing during that period, does not lie within my province, but I am sure that in the background of his thought there was a far closer adherence to traditional Christianity than is recognized. So it was in those early days of my intimate acquaintance with his mind. There were plenty of disturbing cross-currents in the religious thought of the early years of this century. We did not all know what to make of the "Higher Criticism": some of the problems which arose in connexion with it were not easily solved. Miracles were, I think, more at the centre of controversy then than now. Mr.

Blatchford was writing *God and My Neighbour*. The so-called *Crisis in the Church* made a storm-centre for ecclesiastical politics. On all such matters Geoffrey and I conversed with a sympathy in outlook which extended to a great measure of unity in opinion.

I left Leeds Grammar School at the end of the summer term of 1902 and went up to Cambridge. But the fact that our ways had thus parted was irrelevant. During the vacation periods of 1903, especially in the summer, I saw a great deal of him. In December 1902 he took First Class Honours both in Classics and in Divinity in the 3rd year examination at T.C.D. In the spring of 1903 he was working long hours, twelve-and-a-half hours a day, but he had a great capacity for hard work, doubtless due in part to the interest he took in it. I think this was one of the times when he was living in Dublin. During the Long Vacation of that year we were both for a long time in Leeds and did some work together, reading Horace and the *Phaedo*. We also played much tennis, either singles or with two of his brothers, on the small but sufficient tennis lawn which the Vicarage possessed. Serving could be a bit of a

difficulty, and a hard return might get one into trouble with the bushes, but I have never played tennis I enjoyed so much as on long summer evenings there, when, for we were all about the same, a game would run up to ten or eleven all and finish with the most hard-won of victories.

Of the Vicarage garden Geoffrey's youngest brother, the Rev. Gerald Studdert Kennedy, now in charge of Bishop Westcott's Boys' School at Namkum, Ranchi, writes to me: "As you know, it was really rather a jolly garden, in spite of the Workhouse, the Board School, the Brick Quarry, and the Public House (was it The Fountain Head or The Cemetery Tavern—you have a better memory for such things than I have?) which flanked it north, south, west and east."

Geoffrey was always one of the best of people for any kind of outing or entertainment. It was so when we went off bicycling into Wharfedale or, in the years after the war, when we explored on foot or with the help of his car some beautiful part of England. He never made difficulties, and was the most contented and good-tempered of companions. In recent years his youngest

brother Gerald, who went out to India to the Dublin University Mission at Hazaribagh, came with us whenever he was home on furlough, and contributed a great deal to every expedition in which he took part. Geoffrey was deeply sensitive to the appeal of natural beauty; among the arts, literature and the drama seemed to appeal to him most, though he also delighted in music and had a good singing voice. He had nothing of the "high-brow" about him. An experience which I had more than once was to go with him and other members of his family to the Pantomime at the Leeds Grand Theatre at Christmas time. The humorous value of that generally admirable entertainment received, at least for myself, a high extra percentage as a result of the presence and comments of the Studdert Kennedies.

In the spring of 1904 we went to Dublin, where Geoffrey had relations. It was my first visit to Ireland and a very pleasant one, though the service we attended at St. Patrick's Cathedral began at three-fifteen and ended at five-five, which seemed long even in those days. Geoffrey began some examination the next day, and as I came back to England on the Tuesday

night I did not see much of Dublin in his company. During the Long Vacation we worked together under the guidance of a coach in Leeds. He was a fine classical scholar, but his views on other subjects were not such as to meet with Geoffrey's approval, and I think that now and then he played deliberately and not unsuccessfully to get a rise. As a result, our study of the *Frogs* of Aristophanes or some other work was at times interrupted by vast arguments which took us far beyond the normal time limit. Geoffrey and I had even longer discussions when he came to stay with me in Headingley. We did not so much "tire the sun with talking and send him down the sky" as see him up again on more than one occasion. My impression from these talks was that Geoffrey was not much beset by intellectual difficulties. His view of the right attitude to suffering, which he expressed in the longest of those talks, is of interest when one remembers how great his concern was to be with that very problem as it revealed itself to him during the War. He argued that sorrow, when it came into the life of an individual, should not be simply borne but welcomed, since it had its source in the

direct act, amounting almost to intervention, on the part of God. This attitude seems to me more defensible now than it did then, though it needs to be stated with a great deal of care. Later, he reacted sharply enough against it as a theory of God's action, but I think there is an element in it which he never abandoned.

More than once, during the last year of his preparation for his final examination, I was afraid that he was working too hard, but, if that was so, he could certainly have pleaded after October, 1904, that it had been worth while, for it was on the twenty-seventh of that month that I learnt of his being a silver medalist at T.C.D., and judged that "never did a man deserve an honour more."

I saw him during the Christmas vacation. The Christmas season was a great time at St. Mary's Vicarage. I used to turn up on Christmas Eve with additions to make to the festive atmosphere which reigned in the house. It may have been about this time that a practice grew up which never fell into disuse and would probably have been honoured this year had Geoffrey lived. Its first home was the very small study at the Vicarage. It became a

tradition that I should choose a book of the most approved "shocker" type, with as much mystery, excitement, and sensation as possible, and a sufficient supply of what Geoffrey called "stiff 'uns", by which phrase he described persons done violently to death in publications of this kind, and read it aloud to an audience of the Studdert Kennedy family. This audience varied in size but was always, I think, exclusively male. It took its sup of horrors well, and if during the last quarter of a century the literary standard of the works selected has shown a tendency to rise, the essential ingredients have remained unaltered. Readings have been given in widely-separated parts of England. I can remember one on the top of Mam Tor above Castleton in Derbyshire, and one under Golden Cap on the Dorset coast.

Of Christmas at the Vicarage his brother Gerald gives the following vivid account :

CHRISTMAS AT THE VICARAGE

"Christmas at St. Mary's Vicarage was a time of uproarious laughter. Ghost stories and detective stories all mixed up together with deep and prolonged discussions about theology,

psychology, metaphysics, economics, ethics, evolution, etc., prolonged until well after midnight. In all which, as may easily be imagined, Geoff was a protagonist. I well remember Father turning to me one day after a very brain-cracking discussion, and saying with a chuckle : ' When I discuss things with dear Geoff, I almost see the perspiration coming out of the top of his head, his brain seems to be working so hard.' Is it any wonder that in later and more tragic days, a certain delightful Colonel with a stutter turned to the Major and spoke somewhat thus of Geoff's invincible hilarity in the mess : ' I sis, sis—simply d-don't know how he keeps it up, and the mar-marvel is the young b-blighter does it all on gin-ginger beer.' If the old Colonel had known more of the pit whence ' the young blighter ' was digged, he would have marvelled less. Among the permanent Christmas institutions of the Vicarage was the Leeds and District Christmas Gift and Yuletide Present Procuring Company, Ltd. It sprang into great activity about a fortnight before Christmas. Important business meetings took place at frequent intervals, at which momentous questions were debated

amidst roars of laughter and clouds of tobacco smoke, and settled, as for instance whether Father should be given a pair of Jaeger's all-wool slippers or a new top-hat. In the midst of the debate, Father would appear at the door, dimly discernible through the smoke, having come ostensibly to get a book, but really to catch a glimpse of the fun. On the Saturday before Christmas the entire company set forth into the town to procure Christmas Gifts and Yuletide Presents : the difference between these two was never finally explicated. We could not all go into each shop, and so we took turns at sentry duty outside. One honourable 'director', whilst proceeding on his lawful occasions, was 'moved on' by a conscientious policeman.

What I have written here about these intimate family things I have written deliberately, because I cannot think of any other way in which to attempt to suggest to our readers the atmosphere of that pit whence Geoff was digged—the atmosphere of love and laughter."

In January of 1905 Geoffrey went to a post in a school at West Kirby, and from that time

onwards I was to see less of him at the Vicarage, and to share less of the life there with him ; and changes in my own life were unavoidable barriers to the same amount of intimate fellowship as we had enjoyed in the previous years, but not to its quality. I am sorry that I can say nothing in detail about his life as a school-master. I saw him once at West Kirby, and again in Liverpool during that year. I have reason to believe that he liked the life and was popular with the boys.

In the August of that year Geoffrey, his brother Maurice and I bicycled from Leeds to London and had a most remunerative time. Maurice managed what I may call the commissariat part of the trek with great efficiency, while I looked after the route. Discussions at the end of the day's cycling or walking can be spirited and protracted, and these were both. Geoffrey and I held forth to one another on the first night of the journey till the small hours of Sunday morning : the subject was Punishment, in which we had both been interested for some time. Readers of his books will know the kind of attitude at which he arrived : he was probably moving towards it

at this time. This propensity for talk led to a somewhat humorous incident in the hotel at Leicester where we stopped on the Sunday. After supper a long conversation broke out on liberty and the Liberal party, of which Geoffrey was a less whole-hearted adherent than I was. We went on and on till Maurice drew our attention to the plight of an unfortunate hall-porter, whose liberty of sleep was being frustrated by our academic debate. The next day we lunched at Rugby, which was afterwards to be the centre of Geoffrey's work for some years, and slept at Buckingham and finally arrived at Charing Cross in a not very presentable condition. But Geoffrey had a power not only of disregarding appearances but of triumphing over them.

That summer he was reading, among other things, George Adam Smith's commentary on Isaiah in the *Expositor's Bible*. I owed my first intelligent appreciation of the Prophet to a talk with Geoffrey one night. It was not a characteristic of his later years alone to become full of some book he had been reading and to delight in talking about it.

In 1906 he was still at West Kirby, and during my Easter vacation I met him at Liverpool

and we explored Port Sunlight. I found him in very good spirits and absorbed in his work. In the autumn we had a number of theological talks, and I was hoping that he would get time for theological work. I do not know when he finally decided to give up schoolmastering and be ordained, though, looking back, I find it hard to conceive of a time when his eyes were not fixed on the priesthood as his life's work. He was much alone with his own thoughts about this time, and at the end of the year his views showed signs of change as compared with his earlier outlook. A kind of Christian pantheism seemed to be attracting him, also an ethic of Tolstoyan character which made him doubt whether the Gospel ever allowed a man to look for personal pleasure. What impressed me in these talks was his sense of what the Christian Gospel demanded of him personally. His great personal honesty and his readiness to face facts as he saw them were now, as always, striking characteristics of his nature, but I have no doubt that he was needing that training in theological thinking which a man cannot pick up by himself. Reading and discussions by themselves do not give this. Geoffrey had an

absorbent mind, and in 1907-8 it was not always easy to absorb judiciously. Mr. Campbell's *New Theology* was making a great stir, and the kind of outlook for which it stood was appealing to him. That he would be satisfied with it I did not believe, but I had to recognize that our views were in some respects widely separated. In particular, I recall his dissent from an article on *Punishment*, which I had contributed to the *Expository Times*. The editor probably considered his reply to be rather too violent for insertion. Just about this time the first rumours of the New Psychology with its bearing, *inter alia*, upon questions of sexual ethics, were reaching England, and both Geoffrey and I heard something about it from one who was intellectually well qualified to speak on the matter. It raised problems with which he was afterwards to grapple in his writings : but long before he expressed himself in his published work he faced some of the challenges which the New Psychology has brought. Readers of that rather queer volume of ecclesiastical portraiture called *Painted Windows* may remember the praise given by the author to Dr. Selbie for his labours in toiling through the

not very pleasant material collected by foreign exponents of the New Psychology. The author wondered whether anyone in the Church of England was doing anything of the kind. More, I have no doubt, than he realized, and one of them was Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy.

From October 1907 to June 1908 Geoffrey was at Ripon Clergy College. Canon Battersby-Harford, who was then Principal, writes as follows about him : " G. K. was a quiet, self-contained, able man, but one felt that underneath there were gifts and fire which in crises would blaze out. His Irish wit and readiness were of course in evidence in private intercourse, but one did not realize then how he was to become a prophet to the ranks in the Great War."

Geoffrey was at Ripon Clergy College when Bishop Boyd Carpenter was Bishop of Ripon. That great preacher was accustomed to instruct the students in the art of sermon preparation. But he came to the conclusion that Geoffrey had better develop his own method and style. This was Geoffrey's own view. No one will see here the smallest sign of conceit or self-satisfaction, but simply the conviction that he

must give in his own way whatever he had to give.

One of Geoffrey's fellow students at Ripon was A. T. Woodman-Dowding. Mr. Woodman-Dowding was afterwards Vice-Principal of Ripon and is now Vicar of Southwold. To him I am indebted for the following reminiscences :

KENNEDY AND RIPON CLERGY COLLEGE

“During Kennedy's year at Ripon, under the Principalship of the Rev. Canon Battersby-Harford, both on the staff and among the students there were several remarkable personalities who have become well known to the general public during the fateful twenty years which have come and gone since then. A word or two about the College as it was then may not be amiss, since it was one of the formative influences upon an exceptional personality. There was then in the College, as there is now in Ripon Hall, Oxford, an atmosphere unique to a degree. Many men who have sat rather loosely to forms and ceremonies have found in Ripon, past and present, a discipline that at once stimulates and wins to a larger and more intelligent obedience. There has always been

a great deal of liberty at Ripon, which has been rarely abused. The idea of the family has never been long absent in a home of thought and meditation, where men have been allowed time to find their souls and more often than not to "make them". One of Kennedy's most distinguished contemporaries was Canon W. H. Elliott, whose brilliant attainments and services are both well known and recognized. Two men more dissimilar in every respect would not easily be found. They sprang from the soil of the same theological College. The Vice-principal at that time is now Principal at Ripon Hall and the well-known editor of *The Modern Churchman*. Some years ago Kennedy confessed to the writer that the thought of which his life and services were expressions, and of which his books are illustrations, was in the first instance derived from Dr. Major's lectures on the Philosophy of Religion. Another factor in this background should not be overlooked. Doubtless a portion of the spirit of the greatest preacher in the English Church then, Dr. Boyd Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon and founder and friend of the Clergy College, descended upon Kennedy. How many Riponians look back

upon a picture that time has not dimmed of this prophet-bishop taking the Sermon Class in the Palace Library! With delightful tact and sympathy this great orator humbled himself to convey to the novice something of the splendour of the Sacrament of the Word. Besides the personal influences already mentioned, and the discipline of the curriculum usually found in theological colleges, it was the practice of the students to take the services and sermons in the neighbouring Mission Churches. The writer can still remember one occasion when he shared this duty with Kennedy on a very hot summer Sunday in a very stuffy Mission Church, frequented for the most part by tired charladies and a mob of tiring children. Kennedy preached at great length, and appeared quite impervious to the closeness of the atmosphere and the density of the congregation. The occasion must have been the season of Trinity. I have forgotten both the theme and its treatment. But the spectacle of the preacher, entirely lost in his subject, is not forgotten. The broken and throbbing voice, which betrayed his Irish ancestry, still sounds on the inner ear. Both in his conversations and his preaching, Kennedy

certainly impressed his contemporaries, who in the manner of young men repressed rather than welcomed emotion, with the indubitable fact that he was a man *possessed* by some force or influence that "would not let him go". Even in such a cheerful and friendly circle as the college then contained Kennedy rarely lost his characteristic detachment from the things of everyday. He appeared to the observer to be a lonely man, who either enjoyed his loneliness or was not really alone at all. Perhaps these reminiscences can be best summed up by applying to Kennedy the theological student what was said of Newman when a member of the Oriel Common Room : ' When his mouth was shut, it looked as if it would never open ; and when it was opened it seemed as if it would never close '."

In 1908 Geoffrey was ordained deacon and became one of the large staff of curates at Rugby, as was his brother Hugh before him. The present Dean of Windsor, Dr. A. V. Baillie, was then Rector, and the church was a very influential factor in the life of the town. Geoffrey found himself working under a chief who understood him and his ways, who was always

accessible, and knew how to control, without damping down, his fiery spirit. Moreover, Geoffrey was brought into association with able and attractive colleagues. He always had a capacity for hero-worship, of a strong and not sentimental kind, and his life at Rugby drew this out. Among those colleagues were Julian Bickersteth, now Headmaster of St. Peter's Collegiate School, Adelaide ; H. O. Hubble, now Vicar of St. John's, Leamington ; and the present Bishop of Blackburn. His sermons, from the first, displayed that oratorical quality for which he was to become famous, and one distinguished master of Rugby School was a great admirer of his preaching. As to the subject matter of his sermons, he preached with fervour the truth of the Fatherhood of God, and possessed a special power of enabling his hearers to realize the truth of divine personality. If he was inclined to lapse into too journalistic a vein, he had the Rector at hand as a friendly and candid critic. It was the custom at Rugby for the curates to go into the parochial day schools and observe the teachers at work, and from this Geoffrey learnt much that was to be of use to him in his work among children.

How far Geoffrey could be described at this time as a constructive thinker is doubtful. He was very sensitive to ideas, and though it would be untrue to say that he lacked a critical faculty, it was easier for him to absorb than to reject. And humble-minded though he was, he was not very easy to move when an idea took possession of him. I think it might fairly be said that this was the case with him to the end. On the other hand, he had that most valuable possession, a sense of humour, while, in dealing with him, a sense of humour was a great asset to a critic and adviser : this the Rector of Rugby did not lack. It was during his time at Rugby that Geoffrey was powerfully attracted by ideas which we associate with Christian Science. And if he did not become a Christian Scientist, which was the case with some of his brothers and sisters, that was in no small measure due to the wisdom with which his views were treated. This episode in his life left its mark on his habit of thought even when later experiences inclined him in what might seem a very different direction.

For wider knowledge of the general character of Geoffrey's life at Rugby an impression

contributed by one who was a colleague at the time is indispensable. This has been most kindly supplied by Dr. Herbert, Bishop of Blackburn, to whose vivid narrative I now refer the reader.

GEOFFREY'S LIFE AT RUGBY

“To anyone intimate with Studdert Kennedy in his early ministerial days at Rugby, it is clear that those people are mistaken who think that he was a war-product. He was the same man, with the same brain, the same outlook, the same emotional temperament, in his early days. The war deepened the emotional side and widened his horizons, besides providing him with a larger stage and a greater audience, but essentially the man remained unchanged, both in his greatness and in his weaknesses.

There must be few men of whom it is true, as it was of him, that from the moment of his ordination he was really miserable if he were not allowed to preach at least twice a Sunday. There was so much he wanted to say, so many thoughts bubbling up in his mind, that silence was a severe discipline. As to the matter and manner of his preaching, clear impressions

will remain for all who heard him. A sermon on the Holy Communion, tracing the universal power of that Sacred Bread and Wine through all ages and amongst all types of people, which the listener suddenly realized to be a sermon entirely in blank verse ; or again, a Good Friday Sermon on the meaning of the Atonement which made a somewhat complacent congregation think as it had seldom thought before: or the simple Mission Addresses to his own special congregation of tramps and lodging-house inmates—these were indications of his mind that those who heard him will not forget.

It was a somewhat simple churchman who met Kennedy after the delivery of his very first sermon in Holy Trinity Church, with the remark, ‘ I want to thank you for your sermon : of course most people thought it very bad, but it was a great help to me ’—a story that Kennedy loved. Probably the reason that ‘ most people thought it bad ’ was that Kennedy never seemed in those days to care whether what he said was orthodox or not. He wanted to get at the truth, and his mind was too independent, and, it must be added, too lacking in balance of view, for him to confine himself to

lines laid down by others. It is on record that on one occasion the Rector took action on this point : ' Kennedy,' he said, ' I can stand one heresy from you each Sunday, but I cannot and will not stand two,' a judgment that reduced Kennedy to guffaws of laughter and promises of amendment.

In this connexion the most noticeable characteristic of Kennedy was his humility. It is seldom I think that such great mental capacity is so entirely free from self-assertion and the spirit of dogmatism. And this humility was at once extraordinarily attractive and a source of intellectual power, for he always saw that Truth was a bigger thing than he could grasp, and that opinions he disliked had probably got some truth in them that he had missed. In consequence he was always a learner. Moreover he was entirely unacademic. Not only was his mind out of tune with a purely scholastic atmosphere, but it was impossible for him to dissociate his thought of God from his love for men. For him the setting and the stage of religion was this world, and his own intense humanness kept his intellectual side harnessed, if not subordinate, to his pastoral work. I can

see again that small slim figure strolling into the unattractive Public House where his beloved lodging-house tramps were to be found, and standing up in the bar in his cassock to sing 'Nazareth,' while half his audience 'felt within a power unfelt before.' They loved him—loved him for his great laugh, the smile that transformed his face, the inimitable Irish brogue, but most of all because of his love for them. He was entirely at home in the dirtiest of kitchens, and would sit for hours smoking and talking, or watching by a sick-bed, forgetting in all probability some important engagement elsewhere. This forgetfulness was sometimes a source of trouble: he was known on more than one occasion to start off to take a funeral at the cemetery, and then, dropping in on someone on the way, forget all about it.

In money matters he was hopeless—no half-crown found it possible to remain in his pocket for more than a few hours. His friends rejoiced when his excellent housekeeper insisted on his handing all his money over to her, but even she could not prevent him giving away his clothes. Probably much of his giving was indiscriminate if not unwise, but he could not

help giving : his heart was as big as his mind, and like his mind was always overflowing. It was in line with all this that he should love children and understand them as few men do. Indeed it is arguable that the best work he did at Rugby was the starting and maintaining of a Babies' Service, entirely invented by himself. Two or three hundred children under seven gathered every Sunday afternoon in a Mission Room with no one to look after them, singing little verses that they learnt by heart, saying prayers after him, lighting birthday candles, and listening to one of his inimitable stories—all this was Kennedy at his best.

So strong a soul could not expect a life of peace, and vivid recollections remain of Kennedy striding up and down the writer's room, wrestling with some theological or social problem, demolishing all the arguments brought against his view, and yet perhaps in the end not convincing himself or his hearer. Probably the evening ended on some such note as this—' Well, Kennedy, I can't meet all your arguments, but you're wrong all the same,' answered by ' Yes, I believe I am,' accompanied by that wonderful smile that showed

how much happier he was for the stroke and counter-stroke of mind.

Looking back on Kennedy's Rugby days it is interesting to speculate on what line his life would have taken if the great war had not occurred. Certainly some of his friends who knew him in earlier times regret the later course and would wish that he had never been encouraged to embark upon it. They would rather have seen him develop his powers of heart and intellect in a less public glare, for they hold that the constant strain of peripatetic speaking was a hindrance rather than an aid to the fulfilment of his gifts. These friends never thought of him as, in the biggest sense of the word, a prophet: his temperament was too emotional, his intellect with all its brilliance too unsteady, his social understanding too limited. Rather they saw him as a great seeker after God, deeply devoted to his Master, passionately sincere, one to whom personal religion was the complete and only answer to the perversity of human wills, and they reverence the memory of one whose greatest power lay in unfolding the love of God by speech and action, and in helping individual men and women to

find the meaning and the glory, the purpose and the joy of life, in that surrender to the all-pervading presence of God which for him gave earth the character of heaven."

To this may be added recollections of Geoffrey's time at Rugby which his brother Gerald has supplied. The further reminiscences which follow are so characteristic that, though they belong to a later period of Geoffrey's life, I include them here just as they stand :

RUGBY DAYS AND TWO BELATED ANECDOTES

"Many a delightful holiday I spent with Geoff in Rugby. For a long time he lived over a butcher's shop in High Street, a narrow, picturesque street leading from the Market Place to the familiar Front Gateway of Tom Brown's famous School.

The house was rather like a rabbit warren, full of small rooms and quaint narrow passages, but the biggest room was kept as a play-room for the bare-foot youngsters out of Sun Street.

What a work he must have done in that same Sun Street. An old friend of my own who worked there in later years wrote to me recently,

saying, 'Of course I knew of his work in Rugby, a work which no man has been able to do since!'

I have never known any other man to whom the beauty of Nature spoke so vividly and directly of God.

On fine summer evenings we would go walking in the fields around Rugby and he would talk away about all the things most worth talking about. Now and then he would stand still and silently enjoy the beauty of a scene, and at such times I always felt in my bones that its beauty meant to him a thousand times more than it meant to me, and many a time and oft did I feel a pathetic longing to enter into the vividness of his experience of God.

Our long and intensely intimate friendship long ago convinced me that in Geoff's heart there burnt with peculiar brightness—

A sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.

It was this intensely vivid consciousness of

God's immanence which made him the strong, natural sacramentalist that he always was, and this prompts me to blurt out the secret of his power, in hallowed words, 'they that know their God are strong and do exploits.' Geoff knew his God, knew Him with a clarity granted to few of us here on earth, and that is why he *was* strong and *did* exploits.

I send along these anecdotes although they belong to a later period than is covered by your part of the book :

I happened to be in London on the Sunday when Geoff preached for the first time at Buckingham Palace. Naturally I was all eagerness to know what happened and what the King said to him.

When I asked him he replied : ' He asked me all about those rotten old houses in S. Paul's and in the Blockhouse, and whether there was any chance of their being knocked down and something decent being built for the people.'

That same Sunday afternoon he addressed a huge Men's Service at S. Luke's, Kilburn. When we stood up to go out at the conclusion of the service, a quaint little Cockney in the pew behind me nudged me from behind and

said : ' Wull, that was summat a bit out of the hordinary, any'ow ! '

Geoff and a friend went into the Buffet of a Liverpool Hotel, and were met near the side-board by an immaculate waiter who asked them what they would like.

Geoff, pointing to a cold beef steak pie, said : ' I'd like a bottle of ginger pop and a couple of shies at that pie.'

They sat down at a table and waited for some considerable time. Eventually the immaculate gentleman returned bearing a silver dish which he placed upon the table with abnormal solemnity. Set upon the dish were a bottle of ginger beer and two large wooden balls.

In answer to Geoff's look of amazement, he said in an aggrieved tone : ' Wull, ya said ya wanted a bottle of pop and a couple of shies at the pie, didn't ya ? ' When they had all laughed till they were stiff, the immaculate gentleman rather sheepishly turned the lapel of his coat and revealed his war ribbons, and whispered : ' We carn't carry on wiv'out a bit of fun now and then, can we, sir ? '

The immaculate gentleman knew his man ;

they had met before in less immaculate days, when the balls were made of lead and cold beef steak pie was not on the menu."

It was, I think, after Easter in 1912 that I had one of the most delightful expeditions with Geoffrey that I ever enjoyed. We put up for two nights at Castleton or Hope, in the Peak district, and walked about that splendid part of England, while not neglecting its underground caverns. We had a great trek over Mam Nick, across Edale, up Jacob's Ladder to Kinderscourt and down on the Glossop Road to the Snake Inn, and back by the Ashopton Inn. I well remember how Geoffrey's powers of conversation remained unaffected by the length of the walk. It was not so with me, and the conversation became practically a monologue. We revisited these old haunts in 1920, with his brother Gerald, and on one of our walks Geoffrey developed rather trying asthma, which caused us to stop a motor of sorts and get him a lift down the valley from the Snake to the Ashopton Inn, where we were staying.

In 1912 Geoffrey left Rugby to come to the help of his father at St. Mary's, Quarry Hill, Leeds.

He had then been two years in priest's orders, for he had had a two years' diaconate at Rugby.

The circumstances of his coming to Leeds and of his position as curate of St. Mary's had certain distinctive features. With regard to them and to his work, the Rev. Dr. Bickersteth (Vicar of Leeds, 1905-1916) has supplied, to the great advantage of this narrative, the following account :

AS CURATE OF ST. MARY'S, LEEDS
THE PRECINCTS,
CANTERBURY.

May, 1929.

"In 1912 Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy was 'driven of the spirit' to leave Rugby for Leeds, at least so it seems to me, on looking back seventeen years afterwards. He arrived under circumstances that might have seemed simple enough, it being natural that a good son should wish to stand by an aged father, but which had their measure of special difficulty.

The parish of St. Mary's, Quarry Hill lies along a ridge of high ground overlooking the famous Parish Church of Leeds, their parochial boundaries being at points contiguous. In

1837, when Dr. Hook became Vicar of Leeds, and for nearly forty years later, both parishes still had some well-to-do residents. But by the time Geoffrey's father, the Rev. W. A. Studdert Kennedy was appointed vicar of St. Mary's, early in the eighties, 'the t'owd Church' and St. Mary's had both become slum parishes, except in so far as factories and workshops had been plentifully built within their area. Each parish also had an unusually large Church to serve, and neither Church could be kept in vigour except by drawing worshippers from a distance. There was a natural attraction exerted by the Parish Church of Leeds which St. Mary's could not reasonably be expected to generate, and so Mr. Studdert Kennedy senior was fortunate in being able on arrival to put the warming apparatus into the pulpit. For a time his eloquence held large congregations. But in a parish of that kind a spell of thirty years is too long for a single vicariate. A rapid influx of German Jews into the parish of St. Mary's, attracted by the cheap clothing trade of Leeds, had made the local problem more difficult, and it is not to be wondered at that parochial life slowed down. More-

over, controversy had arisen, owing to the dissatisfaction felt by some of the parishioners at teaching of a Christian Science character given by one of Mr. Studdert Kennedy's sons who had been acting as curate to his father.

It was when the elder brother resigned that Geoffrey's heart burnt within him from the desire to come and live under his father's roof and work the parish. I did not then know Geoffrey at all well, but had heard of his strenuous work and characteristic originality from one of his fellow-curates at Rugby.¹ Bishop Drury was not favourable at first, but agreed to my suggestion that Geoffrey, though licensed to his father, should be told that *in foro conscientiae* he must regard himself as one of the Parish Church Staff, then with nearly a dozen assistant-curates, and report his work to me. I told Geoffrey that he would always be welcome on Fridays at the staff luncheon at the Vicarage, when after sedate consideration of parochial agenda we lunched together—a very breezy and frank meal—followed by a game of billiards, after which he could always talk

¹ My third son, the Rev. K. Julian F. Bickersteth M. C., now Head Master of St. Peter's College, Adelaide.

over with me any matter that he wanted to discuss. Whenever he liked he came, and at other times the little prayer corner in my study gave him and me a place of meeting.

It was under these conditions that he came, and in less than two years scored a great success. His pastoral work and personality at once told, and from the first his preaching repaired the warming apparatus without dislodging it. I remember several occasions when he asked me to come up and speak to his people when some advance in recovery of parochial efficiency had been made. What strikes me most about this test of his character was the loyalty that it revealed in him : loyalty to his aged father, still at the Vicarage : loyalty to the Bishop and to me and to the arrangement under which he was working : most of all, loyalty to his own conscientious convictions and ever-deepening sympathy with the under-dog.

One thing further must be added, for I think he himself would have attached special importance to it. In 1910, one of the Parish Church curates (C. Elsee)¹ whose daily evening duty after taking Compline at Leeds Infirmary led

¹ Now Canon Elsee, Vicar of St. Cuthbert's, Leeds.

him past the Town Hall on his way back to the Clergy House, reported to me an active outbreak of anti-Christian propaganda in that open space known as the Victoria Square. There in the heart of the city, close to the Railway Stations, crowds gathered night by night round the three statues of Queen Victoria, Wellington, and Peel, to listen to whatever orator secured the vantage ground on the steps of the statues. It came out that an atheistic lecturer had been sent from London, and aided by local talent was attacking the Christian Faith, which would not have mattered at all if they had not hit below the belt, i.e., not only by denying the Christian Faith, which was well within their right, but by filthy and obscene misrepresentations of it. Eventually, through no action on our part, one of the leading lecturers was indicted before Mr. Justice Horridge and condemned. In my opinion the wisest way for the Church to intervene was to meet the attack face to face, and after a full discussion in the Leeds Chapter it was decided to organize open-air¹ work, which had never before been tried

¹ While we were thus engaged, some others always met in prayer for us.

there. On two week nights and sometimes on Sunday, I used to send C.E.M.S. men early to get a pitch by beginning to talk, and shortly afterwards, accompanied by one or two picked clergymen, we spent what proved to be always a lively and interesting evening. Of course, it was a red-letter day when a man like Michael Sadler,¹ Vice-Chancellor of Leeds University, or W. H. Bragg,² Cavendish Professor of Physics, came and spoke, and others in Leeds like W. H. Draper³ or R. H. Malden⁴ were a tower of strength, but I can recollect none who more instantly caught the attention of the crowd of up-turned faces, sometimes 100, sometimes 1000, lit up by the glare of the electric light, than Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy. Whenever I sent for him to speak, probably nothing gave him greater pleasure, as he and a crowd were born to react on each other. If 'they thowt he was only a pup because of his short tail,' alluding to his short coat, they also knew he could bark, and if need be bite, never

¹ Now Master of University College, Oxford (Sir Michael Sadler. K. C. I. E.)

² Now Sir William H. Bragg, K. B. E. President of the British Association, and Director of the Royal Institution, London.

³ Now Master of the Temple.

⁴ Now Vicar of Headingley, Leeds, and chaplain to the King.

viciously but with vigour. Certainly they would never have accused him of the unpardonable fault of 'swallowing t'cyclopedia,' that was their way of objecting to *sesquipedalia verba*. I can hear and see him now, speaking in short sharp sentences, sometimes with a good story, always with a good argument, soon leaning forward in the attitude of a John Knox as he warmed to his subject. The plan we invariably followed was a series of five to seven minutes talk on a given subject, religious not ecclesiastical, social not economic, about which anyone in the crowd could then put questions. Undoubtedly the experience there gained revealed both to him and to us Geoffrey's gift for open-air work ; and to me fell ' the Vicar's ' privilege to encourage him by congratulation as well as to challenge him by criticism.

On his father's death, another deputation from the parish of St. Mary's, as I fully expected, waited on my doorstep, this time to ask that Geoffrey might be his father's successor as Vicar. There was much to be said in favour of it, but in my judgment there was more against it, and I think I was right. To mention one reason only, I wanted to find a Parish

priest who knew Yiddish and who could get into spiritual touch with the Jews. Anyhow Geoffrey, whatever he may have thought, was quite ready to follow my wish to retain him in Leeds and I was able to arrange for him to have the offer of being senior curate of Armley under Harry Woollcombe.¹ Before that arrangement was completed another friend of mine, Harold Greig², Archdeacon of Kidderminster, wrote to me from Worcester, wanting Kennedy's help there, and it was to that city he had gone just before the Great War.

A year and a half later he wrote to me from Worcester.

St. Paul's Vicarage,
Worcester.

20/II/15.

'The Bishop of Worcester has recommended me as Chaplain to the Forces. The Chaplain General has written asking me to submit names to him as References—I ventured to give your name as likely to have weight—you know something about the work I tried to do

¹ Now Bishop of Whitby.

² Now Bishop of Guildford.

in Leeds and I gather you did not think badly of it. As you thought I was good for the people in Victoria Square I thought you might be able to recommend me for soldiers. I want to go very much if I can, so please say what you can for me. I wonder how Julian is ; I have not heard of him for a long time. I hope I have not taken too great a liberty.'

To which I replied from The Vicarage, Leeds, on November 22nd.

'It was a great pleasure to me to hear from you again, and still more to know that you are hoping to get a Chaplaincy. I believe you are admirably suited for such work. I shall have no hesitation whatever in backing up your application ; in fact, as I am writing to the Chaplain General to-day, I am in advance telling him that I hope he will secure your services. Where I think you really ought to be is at the front, not at a home-base. You will be glad to know that St. Mary's is, notwithstanding inevitable local difficulties, I think going strong, and all that you began has been still further developed.'

One more letter I may quote, written in reply to me when I had told him of my joy in the way he was being used of God to interpret a difficult time of reconstruction in our Church life at home.

St. Paul's Vicarage,
Worcester.

27/3/19.

'Thank you very much for your kind letter. I met Julian near Souastre in 1916. I have not seen him since. I am back in my parish and glad to be back. I am, I believe, going to lecture in Leeds on the Fridays in May. Mr. Draper asked me to. I shall be glad to go there. *My two years in Leeds were very happy ones.* It was kind of you to write. Will you remember me to Julian when you write to him. Thank you very much.'

Later he came out of his way to see me in the Precincts at Canterbury for a talk, and before he left I took him in the gloaming into the great Cathedral just closed for the night, and making our way to the most intimate of all its Chapels, that of 'Our Lady Undercroft' in

the centre of the crypt, we knelt together side by side, on the shallow altar-steps and there worshipped, I commending his work to God as we had first learned to do at Leeds.

S.B.”

During these years when Geoffrey was at St. Mary's I saw comparatively little of him, but in two successive Septembers, in 1912 and 1913, we and his brother Gerald spent a few days in the Lakes. It would be difficult to say whether, in nature, the sea or the mountains appealed to Geoffrey most. In 1912 we were caught in a tremendous rain storm on the Styhead, and Gerald's umbrella, a singularly useless defence in that environment, was caught away, in whole or in part, to the precipices of Great End.

In 1913 we had one of the most perfect days imaginable for the ascent of Scafell Pike and then of Scafell by Lord's Rake. A lady who was staying at the same cottage as ourselves at Seathwaite was not a little amused by the animated discussions which filled up the evenings.

It would be easier to trace the development of Geoffrey's mind during these years had he

been in the habit of committing his views to paper in the course of correspondence. Unfortunately, I have hardly anything to help me. There is one exception : in January of 1911 I was due to give a lecture in Hampstead on Mr. H. G. Wells, one of a short series of lectures by different people on the religious or philosophical outlook of distinguished literary men. I wrote to Geoffrey to ask for his help, and received back a long and illuminating letter. I could not give it in full, but selections from it will show how penetrating a critic he could be. He attached little importance to what he had written, but the best proof of its value is that, in substance, what he said in 1911 continues to be as true as it was then.

“ If I wanted to sum up my impression of Wells, I would be tempted to quote one of Chesterton’s epigrams with a slightly altered form. What is wrong with Wells is that he does not ask what is right. . . . He has his own idea of what is beautiful, and his own idea of what is happy—but he has never troubled to form an idea of what is right. He is essentially a Greek to whom the Gospel will always be foolishness. . . . He believes that man’s heaven is obtain-

able only by natural evolution—and certainly not by supernatural conversion. . . . He is a very typical product of Evolutionary philosophy. . . . Dimly on the horizon of his thought there moves the shadowy spectre of Sin . . . at present the only forms in which he knows it at all intimately are as Stupidity—and as such it is the monopoly of the rich—and Ignorance, in which form it is the monopoly of the poor—these are to be overcome by Education and increased *Good Will*, a vague human deity that grows. To put it in a modern way, he suffers as all Socialistic writers suffer, from having no real psychology. He has observed all things except human beings. About men he has always theorised and seldom learnt. His analyses of character are always defective, in that he allows no place for a moral nature. . . . Sanity, courage, candour, humility, simplicity, he has all these in the intellectual sphere—of their Christian counterparts he knows nothing. He has no more idea of true humility than has G.B.S.—but has just as much of that virtue intellectually, which is saying a lot. . . . If you put these questions to Wells first and then to Christ you might perceive the gulf that separates

them. Suppose you asked—What am I—who made me—what am I for? Wells would reply: ‘You are a reasoning animal, you are the product of nature, and you are to be comfortable and make your fellow-creatures the same.’ Christ would reply: ‘You are an eternal Spirit, made by God, and you are here to be good and grow like God.’ It needs no further comment, the chasm between the two is immense. Note specially the *Eternal*—there is no trace of immortality in the Wells philosophy, that is why it is so inexpressibly drab and dreary: as King of Lincoln says in one of his letters, ‘it is only when people make up their minds to go straight for the next world that they can throw their hats up in this, and be bright and happy. The key to this world is the next.’ Lastly, let me say that you are lecturing on an ever-changing quantity: The Wells of yesterday was not the Wells of to-day, and heaven knows where he will be to-morrow: he changes and, I believe, in a kind of way progresses.”

As I come to the end of my section of this book I feel that the year 1914 was the real year of transition in Geoffrey’s life. All that had gone before was a preparation for what was to

come. With the death of his father in 1914, Geoffrey's old life at Leeds came to an end. How much that life had meant to him it would be hard to exaggerate. But when the break in the old family life at the Vicarage came with the Vicar's death, it was a good thing that the break meant such a new beginning as would have been impossible had Geoffrey succeeded his father as Vicar of St. Mary's. The call to Worcester gave him both a new liberty and a new responsibility, and that was wholly good.

And 1914 meant not only a new parochial but a new home life. It was my privilege and my happiness on St. Mark's Day, 1914, to marry Geoffrey in St. Mary's Church to Miss Emily Catlow. Before the year was out I had come to know Geoffrey in the new church and the new home of St. Paul's, Worcester, without guessing what the Great War was to mean for him. But here, on the threshold of the revelation of the astonishing powers which he carried within him, I take leave of one whose friendship, constant and unswerving through so many years, belongs to the abiding treasures of life.

STUDDERT KENNEDY:
HIS LIFE IN WORCESTER
W. MOORE EDE

HIS LIFE IN WORCESTER

GEOFFREY Studdert Kennedy accepted the living of St. Paul's, Worcester, in May, 1914.

He had been ordained by the Bishop of Worcester to a curacy at the Parish Church of Rugby, the incumbent of which was the Rev. Albert Baillie, now Dean of Windsor.

The Diocese of Coventry had not then been formed ; therefore Rugby was in the Diocese of Worcester.

Doubtless the Bishop heard some of the stories current about the unconventional methods of the curate of Rugby, his St. Francis-like generosity to the poor, which prompted him to give away any money he might have, and part even with his clothes, so that his landlady saved him from himself by locking up his best suit, taking his salary, and allowing him an occasional half-crown.

There were also stories of how he visited the public houses in the evening, sat in the bar and

talked to the customers about religion in such a natural way that they did not resent it, but when the news went round that the young parson was in a public house men would flock there.

When therefore the Rev. T. F. Stewart resigned the incumbency of St. Paul's, Worcester, in order to take up mission work in Coventry, the Bishop bethought him of the former curate of Rugby who had gone to help his aged father, a clergyman in Leeds. At the same time two other patrons offered him preferment. It was characteristic of the man that he said to his young wife, "St. Paul's, Worcester, has the smallest income and the poorest people—go and look at the house, and if you think you can manage it I will accept the offer of St. Paul's." He did, and on June 9th Studdert Kennedy was inducted to the vicarage of St. Paul's, Worcester, with an income of about £300 a year, a large house and a population of nearly four thousand, all poor.

St. Paul's was a parish with a tradition. The church, which is a really fine building internally, was erected by the saintly Canon Douglas, one of the best products of the Tractarian School,

who took great pains to secure orderly, reverent and devotional services, and to carry out the Church system as conceived by such men as Pusey and Keble. Canon Douglas and his wife gave their money and their lives for the people of St. Paul's. Subsequent incumbents followed the established traditions with some alterations, so that St. Paul's was locally regarded as High Church.

This tradition Studdert Kennedy maintained. It suited his poetic and emotional temperament. But with Kennedy ritual and ceremonial were a means to an end, never an end in themselves, or essential. As time went on, while he retained his preference for ornate services, he attached less importance to externals and was at home in any place where two or three sincere souls were seeking to worship his Lord and theirs.

I remember his saying that to celebrate on a turned up packing case at the front meant as much to him as a celebration with full ceremonial. He may be best described as an Evangelical at heart who loved and lived by the Catholic way of discipline and worship.

The Holy Communion was central in Studdert Kennedy's religious life. His practice

was to begin the day with the Holy Communion. That was to him THE Service always.

When hard pressed, short handed and over-worked during the days before he went to the War, nothing would induce him to abandon one daily Celebration. I remember suggesting that on some days his people might come to the Celebration at the Cathedral. He would not listen to such a proposal. However tired and worn out he might be, he would himself celebrate at St. Paul's.

One characteristic of Studdert Kennedy was his love for children. He took a keen interest in both Day and Sunday Schools, in the teachers as well as in the children. He devoted considerable attention to the religious instruction and took great pains with the addresses he gave to the children. Children are quick to perceive and understand those who really love them, and the children of St. Paul's loved the vicar who loved them and flocked round him as he went about the parish.

Studdert Kennedy was not content with working within the walls of the church. Soon after his arrival at St. Paul's he organized outside services and preached in the streets. Thus

he got in touch with parishioners who would not come into the church. He not only preached to the people but he visited them in their homes. Every afternoon and every evening, all the time he had to spare, he spent in visiting and making friends with them. It was what he saw of the conditions under which so many lived that moved him to that indignation which later on he boldly expressed.

By degrees we in Worcester perceived that this new, strange-looking vicar was something more than an ordinary parson. He had a way with him which attracted others than the dwellers in the slums of St. Paul's.

In his first letter to his parishioners he had written "My study is a place where anyone can come and talk and be sure of a hearty welcome. I am not going to try and please everybody. That generally means the sacrifice of principles upon the altar of popularity, but I do want to be a friend to everyone and the servant of all to Christ."

The people took him at his word, and so many people of all sorts sought out the new vicar in his study that Mrs. Kennedy had to intervene and limit the time when her husband could be seen.

I do not wonder at this. Had I ever wanted a confessor Studdert Kennedy is the only man to whom I could ever have gone. He was so understanding and so sympathetic with sinners—it would be comparatively easy to talk to him of temptation and trials. He would speak as man to man and not as an ecclesiastic.

People began to talk of the new vicar's sermons and his retreats. It was not only the poor whom he helped. He appealed with equal power to all classes, and not least to those who attended retreats at the chapel in Earl Beauchamp's house at Madresfield, the Deanery, and elsewhere.

Tales were told of strange things he did. How finding an aged invalid lying on a comfortless couch he brought a pillow from the vicarage, then a pair of sheets, and how when his wife came home she found he had taken a whole bedstead, the several parts of which he had carried to the sick man's house himself. She herself helped him to take the mattress which he had left behind. Sometimes he would come home and say to his wife—"have you any money?" When asked what he had done with what he had he would reply—"old Jones was so hard

up I gave it him. I want some now for Mary Smith who is ill." There were many such stories current in the parish. The people loved their unconventional, warm-hearted, generous vicar. Some people have commented severely on Kennedy's want of financial prudence. If his critics had been in Kennedy's place they would doubtless have been more prudent, but if Kennedy had been like them he would have lost much of his charm, he would not have been the warm-hearted, impulsive, lovable man he was. His critics should bear in mind that it was only during the last six or seven years he earned a considerable income, and that he did make considerable provision for his family and was contemplating making more. Neither he, nor anyone else, expected he would die at forty-six. Some words of the Reverend John Hunt who was his colleague at St. Paul's will help to a true understanding of Kennedy's generosity—"It was not the fact that he did not know the meaning or value of money: he did, and with a deep understanding of its use and limits which will come as a surprise to many people. He did not develop the 'acquisitive instinct', and this made him shed not only his own money,

but his possessions everywhere. He was, however, never reckless with other people's money. He was studiously careful to see that parochial monies, donations and any gifts entrusted to him were used to the best possible advantage. He supervised the expenditure and had faithful accounts rendered to him, and he gave careful and prayerful thought for the wise use thereof. He was often perplexed as to where funds were coming from to help the (literally) hundreds of people he had on his heart for every conceivable need, lifting up girls and women from the results of moral falls, helping to educate promising children of poor parents, in emigrating families overseas, re-starting from ruin those who had failed. Except for his impulsive personal gifts, of which there are endless stories, he was wonderfully wise about his disbursements. The proof is the large number of people who owe their stability, position and hope to his wise and timely help."

The people of England knew Studdert Kennedy as an Army Chaplain of unconventional manners and speech, and as an effective platform speaker; we in Worcester knew him as a model parish priest beloved by his people.

For the description of his life as a parish priest I am mainly indebted to his colleague and fellow worker the Reverend John Hunt.

He was in the true line of succession of Fr. Stanton and Dolling and Wainwright, diligent, self-giving and utterly faithful to the Church system and worship. He loved the daily services and he made the most of all the Church offices. He made the baptismal service real for the parents and sponsors. He often quoted his poetry to them, and his poem "Christopher" was used on such an occasion. The "churchings" gave him openings for a deeper teaching to the parents on the home and child life. The funerals were really days to be remembered by the mourners. He could make of that service a real "sacramental" for the healing and uplifting of their souls. His eyes would fill with real tears and his heart would go out and meet them, and many souls were brought to peace and religion by their experience. He was a power at the graveside. He never obtruded himself or adopted sentimental methods. He hated artificial emotion, but to real sorrow he gave of his best. His visiting and general superintendence of the parish was well thought out

and masterly in its grasp of the best known methods. He kept books and (true he often lost them) lists of sick, departed friends, needy ones, those overseas and especially families of soldiers; he visited all the newly baptised, and his day was as well ordered as it was possible to be considering the large claims made by others on his time. He sometimes said he was a "poor organiser" but he inspired and supervised the work of others, and while he utterly trusted a man to do his work he was "straight" with any slackness or indifference with such work, whether voluntary or paid. He took immense pains over schemes and the right equipment. Nothing at St. Paul's from the Altar linen to the Baptism robe was shoddily done. It was all "decently and in order" as befitted the work of God's church.

A good illustration of this was the way he tackled the social side of the work. He got the Church Army to open a club, and while he was at St. Paul's it was a great success; the Captain and his wife lived in the vicarage, and almost every evening when not preaching Kennedy was to be found in one section or another. He encouraged others to form girls' and lads' clubs

for those who could not or did not come to the main one, and he found the monies for the beginnings. He planned with a wide vision and all-embracing love.

No picture of him in the parish would be complete without mentioning his Sunday services. He made evensong a live service from the opening of his chosen verses to his characteristic Blessing, and his personality throbbed through every prayer. He taught us how to pray, and while it was an impressing experience it was an exhausting one ; no wonder people came again and again when he was to preach. The service was alive with passion and earnestness. He preached (generally without text or introduction), plunging into his subject at once, and all eyes were rivetted on him (he turned the lights out so that people should not be distracted by the dress or manners of others about them). The effect of this preaching was terrific on those who heard the news gladly. The interviews with troubled or inquiring souls afterwards often went on for hours and it was true of him as of his Master that he often had little leisure even to eat or sleep. After some services at St. Paul's and elsewhere it was

literally true there were 100 people to see him, and many souls were led on to the discovery of the power of God and none were sent empty away. This was often a great burden, as anyone who deals with souls knows. For to him came the derelict, those with broken homes (and they were legion everywhere he went), the conscience-stricken, those who sought the higher reaches of prayer and communion, drug takers and would-be suicides, the neurasthenic (a very sad lot whose loneliness and burden he understood), the "impossible" people, as well as lads in trouble with their bodies and souls. The drain on his mind and soul was often terrible, and the amazing thing is that he bore the strain as long as he did without a breakdown. His holidays were not holidays altogether, for these kinds of people instinctively were drawn to him wherever he appeared. "The common people heard him gladly." "He healed them and sent them away" are truths of His beloved disciple, Geoffrey Anketell Studdert Kennedy, as of the Master.

He cared little about 'gadding about', and he did not trust numbers, but he could not say 'no' to any request for help or refuse any opening to

speak the love of God. He gave of his best to small congregations as well as to great, and I doubt whether he excelled more in dealing with large congregations than he did with the faithful few whom he gathered for quiet preparation every Saturday night. He gave of his best to them, and many of his series of addresses on the Creeds, the 23rd Psalm, 1 Cor. 13, Col. 3, S. John 6, were first given to the small groups at St. Paul's. He never advertised, used no publicity agents but relied on his own personality and the truth of his message to gather the people, whether at the work's gates, in church or in retreat.

Before Studdert Kennedy had been three months at St. Paul's the storm of war broke over the land.

Kennedy had no doubt as to what Englishmen should do. He told his parishioners in the Parish Magazine for September—"I cannot say too strongly that I believe every able-bodied man ought to volunteer for service anywhere. There ought to be no shirking of that duty. Those who cannot volunteer for military service can pray." He pleaded therefore for larger attendance at the intercession services. "Let

us work and pray. It remains for us to keep a brave face, to shed our tears in secret and wear our smiles in public, to be sober and chivalrous in victory, patient and steady in defeat.”

Kennedy would have joined up at once had he been able to divest himself of his responsibilities as vicar of St. Paul's. God had placed him there, and he could not leave the flock entrusted to him until he could find someone to take his place whom the Bishop would approve—so he had to remain at his post.

Worcester became one of the training centres for the new Army. On Sunday mornings two thousand men came to the Cathedral for their Church Parade. I asked Studdert Kennedy to preach. He went up into the Pulpit and spoke to those two thousand men and held them spellbound—not a cough, no shuffling of feet. What he said became the main topic of conversation during the ensuing week. To this day two of his addresses stand out in my recollection. One was known among the men as “Hill 60”. Starting from the story of the man whom he had visited in the Infirmary, and who said he did not believe in prayer because, when a gas attack was made on Hill 60, he had prayed

more earnestly than he had ever prayed before that God would change the direction of the wind, but God did not, Kennedy dealt in a masterly manner with the problem of prayer in a way every man present could understand.

The other was called "The Twopenny Shave Sermon". In this he made a discussion which he heard in a barber's shop as to how when we entered Germany we should treat the Germans worse than they had treated the French or Belgians the basis of the best sermon I ever heard on the Christian teaching of conquering evil by good.

It was not till the latter part of 1915 that Studdert Kennedy was able to make provision for St. Paul's Parish and obtain permission from his Bishop to go out as a Chaplain.

Here are some words from a poem he sent his wife which express the personal aspect of his call to the War :

Then the summons of the Lord,
Like a sudden silver sword,
Came and cut our little pleasant world in two.
One sad world where women wait,
One fierce world of strife and hate,
And we wander far apart, dear, I and you.

And it may be with this breath
There will come the call of death,
And will put another world twixt you and me.
You will stand with God above,
I will stand between Pride and Love
Looking out upon a darkening sea.

Stories came to us in Worcester from men at the Front of the popularity of the Worcester Padre, and how the troops called him "Woodbine Willie". We read his letters to his parishioners at St. Paul's as they were published in the local press.

Whenever Kennedy returned on leave he always responded to our appeal for an address. In the old Refectory, now known as the College Hall, he took as his subject "Shall these have died in vain" and pleaded in the way only he could plead that we should never forget the ideals for which our men had laid down their lives.

Among other incidents connected with the war which brought Kennedy back to Worcester was his contracting trench fever which caused him to be sent to the Military Hospital at Birmingham, where he remained for some weeks.

Kennedy had always been in the habit of

writing rhymes. Out in France he wrote rhymes expressing the men's thoughts about the war and about religion. Some of these were printed as leaflets and were very popular with the troops. He sent these and other poems in manuscript to a friend in Worcester who took them to Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton who published them as *Rough Rhymes*.

After the war Kennedy returned to St. Paul's and took up again his parish work.

Having become famous, the requests made to him from all over the country for lectures and sermons rendered it impossible for him to devote himself fully to the work of a parish priest.

He tried, but eventually decided that as he could not be both a parish priest and an itinerant lecturer, he ought to resign St. Paul's that he might devote himself to doing that work of preaching and speaking to which he believed himself specially called by the gifts God had given him. It was proposed he should become a supernumerary on the staff of St. Martin's, Trafalgar Square, and work there. He did leave St. Paul's with that intention and was on the staff at St. Martin's for six months.

Then the Archbishop of Canterbury, who recognized the value of his popular gifts, offered him the Rectory of S. Edmund, King and Martyr, in the City, with the understanding that he should devote the main portion of his time to preaching and speaking throughout the country. There was no Rectory house, and efforts to find a suitable house in London not being successful, it was arranged that Mrs. Kennedy should continue to live in Worcester, and Worcester be a place of rest in his journeyings. He loved his home and was devoted to his children. It will interest many to read a letter he wrote when out in France to his wife about the education and training of his son :

1. Make him a sportsman. Encourage him to play games and always to play the game.
2. Teach him to despise cowardice and never to be afraid of anything or anyone save God.
3. Teach him as soon as you can what his body is for, about his powers of procreation, and about the necessity of cleanliness in body and mind.
4. Teach him to tell you everything about himself, and specially everything of that sort.
5. Teach him that being a gentleman means using your life to serve and help your fellow men as much as ever you can, and that it is dishonourable to

desire only to make money and be comfortable. If he has brains teach him that he must use them to lead men on to better things, and to teach them a gentleman should choose one of the poorly paid but honourable professions.

6. Teach him to love and reverence women. Encourage him when young to have plenty of girl friends, and to treat them as comrades and never to play with them and deceive them. Teach him that the man who deceives a woman is a scoundrel and that he must try to live straight.

7. Last, and most important, about his religion. Teach him to love Jesus Christ as the pattern God-Man. Teach him that, and leave him free. Don't force his religion in any way, specially if he has brains. There are bound to be in these coming years very rapid developments in Christian thought, let him go his way, and do not be pained or shocked so long as he keeps his love of Jesus Christ. If he wants to become a priest, let him, but never force him any way. Only teach him constantly that a gentleman must give not get, must serve and not be served.

Guard him from vulgarity and snobbishness, and never let him speak contemptuously of anyone or anything except a coward.

I think that is all. Kiss him for me and give him my blessing, and when he is old enough tell him my life story as you would tell it, knowing that I tried hard most of the time to do right, and when I sinned was sorry in my heart, as I am now.

I don't believe I am going to be killed, but I don't know, and any way I am content, so long as God can comfort you.

Once a year he took a month's holiday and went with his family to some seaside place such as Tenby or Sidmouth, where he found great happiness bathing, running on the sands and playing with his children, for he delighted in all games.

When he was in Worcester requests came in to preach at the Infirmary, address the Brotherhood, speak for the Christian Social Service Union, discuss with members of the Wives' Fellowship the latest theories on psychology in relation to the training of children, or preach at St. Paul's and in the Cathedral. It has been said, a prophet is without honour in his own country. That was not the case with Kennedy. Though connected with Worcester for fifteen years his power of drawing an audience never slackened. His presence would ensure an attendance at any meeting.

If I were asked to state what Kennedy's message was I should find it difficult to answer. He was always reading and thinking, grappling with different problems.

In *The Hardest Part* we have his endeavour to grapple with the spiritual problems raised by the war: in his last book, *The Warrior, The Woman and The Christ*, he discusses the relation of the sexes fully and freely, and shows how in Christ the qualities of men and women are combined.

One great change resulted from his experience in the war. He went to the war believing that by war you could end war and secure peace, and by a righteous war establish justice. He was completely disillusioned. He became convinced that war is an unmitigated evil, and that neither peace nor justice can ever be secured by force. To quote his own words: "When I went to the war I believed that the war would end to the benefit of mankind. I believed that a better order was coming for the ordinary man, and, God help me, I believe it still. But it is not through war that this order will be brought about. There are no fruits of victory, no such thing as victory in modern war. War is a universal disaster, and as far as I am concerned I'm through."

That was the essence of his message in all his addresses on social conditions after the war.

Social wrongs can never be mended by class-war or other methods of violence. He carried this doctrine and the personality which had helped him in the war into the realm of social conflict, and used his sympathy with the average man and his racy humour to present to rich and poor alike the essential realities that underlie economic problems.

In his own words he turned—

Not to a work of sordid selfish saving
Of our own souls to dwell with him on high,
But to the soldiers, splendid, selfless braving,
Eager to fight for righteousness and die.
So would I live and not in idle resting,
Stupid as swine that wallow in the mire,
Fain would I fight and be for ever breasting
Anger and death, for ever under fire—

And the religious inspiration of his warrior life is expressed in the lines which follow :

Bread of Thy Body give me for my fighting,
Give me to drink Thy sacred Blood for wine,
While there are wrongs that need me for the right-
ing,
While there is warfare splendid and divine.

His influence extended far beyond Great Britain. One morning last autumn he came to

consult me about some pressing invitations he had received. One was from New York, asking him to speak to the Universities of the Eastern States. Another was from California, begging him to come out and address the students in the West. Another, most pressing one, was from the Primate of Australia, and another, equally pressing, was from South Africa. Three Continents, all pleading "Come over and help us; you can attract and influence our young people in a way no one else can." He was much exercised in his mind as to whether he should accept, but after much prayerful consideration it became clear to him that the work to which God was calling him was the work in England in connexion with the Industrial Christian Fellowship.

The end of his earthly activities came suddenly and unexpectedly. He had gone to Liverpool to deliver a course of Lenten addresses. He was not well when he left home, but he would not disappoint those who were expecting him. He struggled on and then collapsed, his old enemy asthma, combined with influenza, proving a greater strain than he could bear. He died in the night of March 7-8, 1929.

Very rarely has the death of any one caused such widespread lamentation, such sense of personal loss among all classes, especially the poorest. One prominent Worcester man wrote to me, and what he said expressed the feelings of very many—"I feel Kennedy's loss very deeply. I do not know anyone who was doing more good in England than he was or whom I myself found more helpful and inspiring. I believe he was doing more for Christianity than anyone else. Thank God for him."

The body was brought home to Worcester to St. Paul's Church on the Sunday evening. There it rested, watched by parishioners who loved him, till the Tuesday afternoon when it was taken to the Cathedral where he had so often preached, for the Funeral Service.

Many will long remember that Service; the building packed to its utmost capacity; the procession of mourners, with the representatives of the unemployed who attended by their own request bringing up the rear. Then the crowds in the streets in reverent silence as the procession passed from the Cathedral to the Cemetery.

There we committed the body, the tenement

of clay, to the grave, but that is not, cannot be, the end of the man we loved, the man who inspired us, our great Preacher, our Prophet.

STUDDERT KENNEDY:
WAR PADRE
D. F. CAREY

STUDDERT KENNEDY: WAR PADRE

“**W**OODBINE Willie ; that impossible fellow ! No use for him. Swears like a trooper : quite mad ! ” Not infrequently were such things said. Yes, in many ways he may have been impossible ; he certainly was unlike anyone we had ever met before. But in in his own particular rôle, that of prophet, he went very near to making a ‘ Possible.’ He got on the ‘ bull ’ pretty nearly every shot he fired, and that is more than can be said of many of his critics.

Studdert started his war work before ever he joined up as Padre. While still at St. Paul’s, Worcester, during the first fifteen months of the war, he made his mark on the men who were there in training. Some 2,000 men used to attend the Cathedral on Sunday morning. The Dean of Worcester has said that when Kennedy preached church parade would lose all its stiffness and boredom : every man was all attention, and the addresses, with their racy remarks

and telling illustrations, were the chief topic of conversation during the ensuing week. He was appointed temporary Chaplain to the Forces on December 21st, 1915. By Christmas day he was in a small French village, and his description of that first service is typical of all that followed : “ I found about 400 men drawn up in the rain waiting, and waiting patiently. It would have made your heart glad and sad at once to see them ; mud up to their ankles, in the pouring rain, and yet when I shouted : ‘ A Happy Christmas, boys ! ’ there was a shout that had laughter in it, and everywhere their dripping faces smiled : ‘ Same to you, Sir ! ’—it was a real Christmas greeting, with the ring of friendship in it, and it made one feel that, rain or no rain, they wanted their Christmas service. I went into the middle of the Square. There was of course no instrument, and I thanked God for a voice like a fog-horn, but once we started on ‘ Come, all ye Faithful,’ no instrument, no leading voice was necessary. They sang with all their might, and every man went straight home. I am sure of that. Four hundred bodies stood, soaked by the everlasting rain, and four hundred souls marched

out, to England and to God. We had a short service, and in the middle the rain for a short while ceased, and the sun broke like a promise through the thick clouds overhead, and gave the text in the sermon : ' God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.' The sermon preached itself. It was the message of the sunshine through the clouds. The break was only for a moment, the clouds rolled back, the sun was covered, and the rain began again, but we knew that still, behind the clouds God's light shone on, and that right in the midst of man-made war was God's eternal peace. Then the glorious part came. I went to a shed in the farmyard and the communicants came to me. There were not many, but they meant it. It was wonderful : no lights, no ritual, nothing to help but the rain and the far-off roll of guns, and Christ was born in a cattle shed on Christmas Day."

In less than a week Studdert was posted to Rouen, where he reported to me for duty at the New Year. I asked him what sort of work he would like and he replied that he wanted a

hospital, as he had had some experience in that direction. I told him there was no vacancy at the moment, and he seemed depressed, and said that in that case he did not mind where he was sent. I asked him his antecedents, and his reply made me realize that I was dealing with no ordinary mortal : " I was once a revolutionary agnostic socialist, and used to stand on a tub and talk in public places in the Midlands " ! The job for him was evident. Down at the Rive Gauche Siding at Rouen stood a huge shed, where that wonderful personality, Lady Mabelle Egerton, had established a canteen, with a splendid staff of lady workers around her. In this canteen hundreds of reinforcements found a home for a few hours, on their way up to the Front from Havre. They were a different crowd each day. To Lady Mabelle's canteen Studdert went. He asked for a box on which to stand, and someone to play the piano. Day by day for the four months he was at Rouen he used to follow the same routine. After mixing with the men, at the psychological moment he would mount his box. In loud tones he announced that he proposed to sing them three songs : ' Mother Machree ', for the

sons ; for the husbands : ‘ Little Grey Home in the West ’, and for the lovers : ‘ The Sunshine of your Smile ’. After that he had them in his pocket. He spoke of his funny wrong-way-round collar, then drove home some tremendous message in a few words, and closed by offering to write home to their people and say that he had met them, and that they were ‘ in the pink ’. Sitting down at one of the tables he was at once surrounded by a crowd, giving him names and addresses on dirty slips of paper, and often ten shilling or pound notes to send home. Then came the order to entrain, and his passing up and down the trucks with packets of cigarettes, Testaments, and a last ‘ Cheerio ! ’ The song which the men always sang as the train steamed out never ceased to amuse him : “ Don’t let the Alley-man get ’old of me, I don’t want to be killed, I want to go ’ome.” It always struck him as so peculiarly unlike the type of song that the said ‘ Alley-man ’ or Bosche would sing under similar circumstances. But tears were often in his eyes as the train passed out of sight : “ At last I am left alone,” he writes, “ looking after the tail light of the disappearing train with a lump

in my throat, a prayer in my heart, and a curse on the sin that causes war which grows more bitter every day. There is nothing glorious about this departure except the glory of their patience and grim determination."

Back to the canteen he then came for a short rest, and some food. Taking up part of an unfinished loaf and a bit of bully-beef, left behind by the men, he sits down in the little lean-to where the officers had their meals. His menu was apt to surprise those alongside of him, but he would at once break the ice by engaging in conversation, forgetting entirely about his hunger. "I can't help it," he once said, "I can't be in anyone's company for five minutes without talking religion." A disapproving shake of Lady Mabelle's head at the nature of his proposed repast, a nod to one of her workers; eggs are cracked into a frying-pan with some bacon: silently the bully-beef remains are removed, and the other dish substituted, and dear old Studdert eats heartily, without any consciousness of what has happened. Typical of him! He was an absent-minded beggar. All through the war he seemed to be in a perpetual state of having lost his field-

service cheque-book, and to be penniless for the moment in consequence. On one occasion he came to see me on horse-back. He was wearing a pair of spurs longer and heavier than any issued even to the heaviest of cavalry. Goodness knows from what collection of mediæval armour he had extracted them ! One was the right way up, and the other upside down, with the rowell scraping along the ground. I thought an examination of the steed's flanks advisable, but the beast was unhurt—how it escaped I cannot imagine.

During the German advance of March 1918 I ran across him at Amiens Station. Like many others at that time, he did not seem to know where he had come from, or where he was going. Of one thing he was certain : his kit had been stolen while he was endeavouring to get some refugees, who were flying from the sector, on to an already overcrowded train. In lieu of his kit he had on his arm no less than three officers' trench coats ! One he claimed as his own, but to whom the other two belonged, or how he came by them he had not the slightest idea.

Once, when on leave, he paid a visit to my

home. He asked my wife if she would like to hear some of his verses ; round and round the room he went, reciting poem after poem, to her great delight. On the sideboard stood a mountainous pyramid of cherries : each lap he consumed one, and dropped the stone in the fender. At last, on finding an empty dish, he awoke to the situation, and was profuse in his apologies ! He certainly was, like many another genius, absent-minded to a degree, but was entirely lovable with it all.

No record of his first four months in France, spent at Rouen, would be complete without a brief account of the work he did for the base as a whole. The men stationed in the town were beset with appalling temptations, and many were drifting badly. As it was only in the afternoons that the reinforcements were to be found at Lady Mabelle's canteen, Studdert's mornings and evenings were comparatively free. It was obvious to us all that he was a speaker of quite exceptional power. If only a building suitable for holding mass meetings could be found, Studdert could do the talking, and others the organizing. We approached the Mayor, asking him to let us have the use of the Grande

Salle in the Hotel de Ville. He was very sympathetic, but told us that public buildings in France could not be used for *Services religieux*. If we used the term *Conference de Morale*, he would gladly let us have the hall. So far as we could gather, as long as we did not set up an altar, wear robes, or preach from a text, we were welcome to do anything we pleased. So we arranged for the orchestra from one of the units to play for twenty minutes, then Studdert spoke, and the proceedings closed with the National Anthem. All through Lent, 1916, on Sunday evenings, he spoke to great crowds, who were stirred to the very depths of their souls. The whole object of the lectures was to put the challenge of Christ before the men, and make them hear it; and well he did it. Over and over again he would call us audibly to register a great vow, as we remembered our dead: "I will love the things for which they died, and I will hate with a bitter, lasting hatred, the things that brought them to their death." Studdert took immense pains over these addresses; he was in the same billet as an officer well versed in European affairs, to whom he submitted his manuscript,

and who gave him much help as regards historical data. These six addresses were afterwards published in *Rough Talks of a Padre* (the first and last chapter in that book were written later). The climax was reached on Good Friday, when in the great *Théâtre des Arts*, thronged to the door, he gave his final talk, the subject being "Christ or the Kaiser." For an hour that great crowd listened to the message of the Cross; then a short moment of silence, then "they roared, and their roar was in answer to the call of Christ." After that meeting Studdert wrote home: "Some may forget it, but surely not all; some will remember that Good Friday night for years. I won't ever forget it. It sounded strange to hear men cheer Christ—strange to us, and not perhaps what we would do, but you would have loved it, and so I am sure did He. There was the awe, the hush, the silence, and then the roar, and it meant real homage from men who were, hundreds of them, going to the death."

Then there came to Studdert the welcome order to proceed to the Front.

Studdert was naturally an extremely highly

strung person, and physically he had 'a thorn in the flesh'. Humanly speaking he could never have stood long uninterrupted periods in the front line, but his war service was exceedingly well planned by Bishop Gwynne, for giving him both the experience he needed and scope for his talent as a speaker. He had a short spell at a base as a start; he had three comparatively short periods in the front line, all of them full of incident. In June 1916 he joined the 137th Brigade of the 46th Division, and took his part in the Somme Offensive. In 1917 he was with the 17th Brigade of the 24th Division at the attack on the Messines Ridge. In 1918, with the 42nd Division, he joined in the final Advance. In between these, he was one of the selected speakers to tell the message of The National Mission of Repentance and Hope: he also had spells at three of the Army Infantry Schools, the 3rd, 4th and 2nd, as also at the School for Physical and Bayonet Training. These Schools provided him with an excellent opportunity. At them there would be about four hundred Officers, and as many N.C.O.'s. They were picked from a large number of battalions, and their course lasted

for five weeks, when another lot took their place. Studdert, therefore, had the chance of lecturing and spreading his teaching widely.

To the 3rd Army Infantry School he went from Rouen. "I arrived here," he writes, "in an amusing, and I am afraid you will say, rather characteristic style. French trains stop at every station, and proceed as a rule at a slow marching pace. On the last stage of my long journey I got deep in conversation on everything in general, and Christianity in particular, with a Captain in the Royal Irish Horse, who was travelling in the same carriage. So deeply engrossed were we that I did not notice I had reached my destination until we were steaming out of the station, whereupon I leapt from the train, and the Captain hurled my kit out after me, so that it spread out in a long line by the rails for about fifty yards. At last the big valise was hurled out, and I sat down on it, nearly sick with laughing, and waved my cap to the Captain, who nearly hit me on the head with a well-aimed water-bottle, the last article left. The whole station staff turned out, and were enormously amused and



W. W. Dowty]

“ WOODBINE WILLIE ”

[*Worcester*

collected my baggage for me with much joy."

Of these Schools none had more intimate knowledge than Col. Ronald B. Campbell, C.B.E., D.S.O., best known to his friends as 'Pokey.' It was at one of these that he met Studdert in 1917, after the latter had been through the experiences of the Somme and Messines Ridge. Let 'Pokey' Campbell tell the tale: "I first met Woodbine Willie at the 4th Army School. I was much impressed with his personality and fire, and induced him to come and speak at our service the following Sunday. He came to St. Pol, but owing to an attack of asthma he could not take the service, but he spoke at a smoking concert given that evening to all manner of people who were living in St. Pol, civilians as well as soldiers. He asked me if he could speak for ten minutes. He got up on the stage smoking a cigarette, and commenced with the following rather embarrassing remark: 'I know what you are thinking, here comes a bloody parson,' but as he spoke he seemed to get hold of his audience more and more, and he ended up with such words as these: 'I know you didn't like that

word which I said when I first came on the platform. I said it purposely, to let you hear how it sounded. It is not a wicked word, it is sloppy, it is dirty. Now I appeal to you soldiers not to be sloppy, either in your words or dress. You can use filthy words; they are just as bad as wearing filthy clothes. It is not soldierly. I ask you not to use them, and I appeal to your decency and common-sense.' When we were going out one of my N.C.O.'s made the following remark to me: 'He is a wonderful man that, sir, I never heard a better sermon on swearing. He brought it home to us; I shall never use those words again.' After this, Woodbine Willie came on my staff and lived with us at Hardelet. He came to us as Chaplain. I took him on the condition that there would be no parade Services, and that if he could not attract the men to his Services I should get rid of him. He said it was exactly what he wanted. In two Sundays after that there had to be three 'houses' for the eleven o'clock service; our Chapel was too small to hold all at once. He had a wonderful effect on the men, he seemed to get the best out of them. He had a great influence for good with the men on my

staff, which was reflected in their work. I took him with me to lecture at convalescent Depots, where he would speak to two or three thousand men, sometimes in the open and sometimes at their meals. Never once did he fail to hold their attention, and inspire them with the big things of life. I used to take him to the troops in the field as one of a troupe (called by Studdert 'the travelling circus'), which included Jimmy Driscoll, the champion boxer, two champion wrestlers, and an N.C.O. who had killed eighteen Germans with a bayonet. After these thugs had given a demonstration in the methods of killing and self-defence, Woodbine Willie would finish up with twenty minutes' talk which never failed to get a wonderful response from his audience, leaving them with their 'tails up' and ready for battle. As you know, he was a man with a wonderful insight into character, and had the keenest sense of humour. I never met a man who was more fearless, both from a physical and moral standpoint. He would box anybody, he would ride any horse, and he would face any General who attempted to criticise him and his methods."

At the end of October 1916 Studdert was withdrawn from the front in order to tell to the men of the B.E.F. the message of the National Mission of Repentance and Hope, which was being preached throughout the length and breadth of England at the time. He was very cut up at receiving this order, and greatly regretted leaving the men, to whom he had become so attached, at their post of peril and danger. He reported at Headquarters to Bishop Gwynne, the Deputy-Chaplain-General, and poured out all his dissatisfaction. "He heard me out," wrote Studdert, "and then he said: 'It does not matter what you want; I have my job to look after, and as you have been given by the Almighty the gift of the gab, you have to do what you are told.' I asked the Bishop, if I did this would he send me back to the men I had worked with when it was over. He replied that he would."

Studdert's method of telling the message was as original as it was effective. In the columns of *John Bull* the Mission was being held up to ridicule. "What right has the Church to talk to our splendid men about repentance?" wrote Horatio Bottomley, "they don't need

repentance ; they are saints, every one of them ; to preach repentance to them is an insult." This appealed to Studdert's sense of humour. Armed with a copy of *John Bull* he went among the men ; after flourishing it in front of them he proceeded to read an extract or two. Then closing it, he said : " Now, when Mr. Bottomley says you are splendid fellows, I am with him all the time. But when he says you are all saints !—well, take a look at one another ! " A burst of loud laughter on the part of the men, and then the message of the Mission as only he could give it.

It was at that time he started on the first of those amazing poems which have captured the imagination of tens of thousands, and have shocked a few. As to how they actually came to be written, I am indebted to the Very Rev. F. B. Macnutt, Provost and Archdeacon of Leicester, who saw much of Studdert, and was closely connected with many of his literary efforts. He writes : " We were sent together to Boulogne to conduct the National Mission there ; in other words to try to get over to the Army at the Base something of the spiritual message of the war. We met, and talked far

into the night. I jotted down some of his thoughts (key-thoughts of his message then and since) about 'God in Agony,' 'God in History,' and 'God in the Cross.' A few days later, after ceaseless speaking in huts, church, camps, etc., we sat talking again, and he quoted me some verses about Napoleon, which he told me he wrote sometime before the war. Several times I had seen the extraordinary effect his addresses had upon the men. I asked him whether he had written any poems since he came over to the front, and said I thought that if he could put the stuff of the addresses he was giving into soldier-dialect verse, in the style of Kipling, it would go down marvellously in the Army. He said he had not tried anything of that kind, but that he would see what he could do. Next morning he told me he had sat up nearly all night, 'having a go at it,' and he gave me, written out in pencil *The National Mission : A Sermon in a Billet*. It ran as follows, and was subsequently published in *Rough Rhymes*, though not reprinted in later volumes of his verses.

SINNER AND SAINT

A SERMON IN A BILLET

Our Padre, 'e says I'm a sinner,
And *John Bull* says I'm a saint,
And they're both of 'em bound to be liars,
For I'm neither of them, I ain't.
I'm a man, and a man's a mixture,
Right down from 'is very birth,
For part ov 'im comes from 'eaven,
And part ov 'im comes from earth.
There's nothing in man that's perfect,
And nothing that's all complete ;
'E's nubbat a big beginning,
From 'is 'ead to the soles of 'is feet.
There's summat as draws 'im uppards,
And summat as drags 'im down,
And the consekence is, 'e wobbles,
'Twixt muck and a golden crown.
Ye remember old Billy Buggins,
That sargint what lorst 'is stripes ?
Well, 'e were a bloomin' 'ero,
A daisy to scrap, but cripes !
That bloke were a blinkin' mixture,
Of all that were good and bad,
For 'e fairly broke 'is mother's 'eart.
The best friend ever 'e 'ad.

But 'e died at Loos to save a pal,
And that were the other side ;
'E killed 'is mother and saved 'is pal,
That's 'ow 'e lived and died.
And that's 'ow it is, it's 'uman,
It's 'eaven and 'ell in one.
There's the 'ell of a scrap in the 'eart of a man,
And that scrap's never done.
The Good and the Bad's at war, ye see,
Same as us boys and the Boche,
And when both gets goin' with all their guns,
There's the Saturday night of a squash.
And it's just the same wi' the nations,
As it is wi' a single man,
There's 'eaven and 'ell in their vitals,
A scrappin' as 'ard as they can.
And England, she 'as it in 'er,
Just same as all o' the rest,
Old England same as us Englishmen,
A mixture o' bad and best.
And that's what I reckon these parsons mean
Wi' their Mission o' 'Pentance and 'Ope,
They want us to wash old England's face clean,
Wi' the grace of Gawd for soap.
And it ain't a bad stunt neither,
For England she oughter be clean,
For the sake of the boys what 'ave fought and died
And their kiddies as might 'a' been.

We can't let it be for nothin'

That our pals 'ave fought and bled,
So, lads, let's look to this washin' up
For the sake o' Christ—and our dead.

"This poem just put what he was saying in his addresses into a form which I was sure was bound to appeal enormously to the Army. That morning I learned it by heart, and recited it four or five times during the afternoon and evening. Each time the men crowded round me afterwards and asked for a copy of 'the poetry'. When we foregathered again that night, Kennedy said: 'It goes down, doesn't it? They seem to like it.' He set to work the same night on the poem on prayer: 'Thy Will be Done.' ('I was puzzled about this prayin' stunt.') We went together to St. Omer when the Mission was over, and then he began 'The Sorrow of God', and kept reading out bits of it and asking for criticism. I read them all three to Bishop Gwynne, and he was so impressed with them that he sent them over to the S.P.C.K. and had them printed for distribution at the front. This is how Kennedy came to write the *Rough Rhymes* which first made his name.

“ At that time I was busy getting together a volume of essays by temporary Chaplains to the Forces, which was published under the title *The Church in the Furnace*. For this volume Kennedy wrote his striking chapter : ‘ The Religious Difficulties of the Private Soldier,’ one of his most characteristic productions, which attracted a great deal of attention. From what he afterwards told me, it was the writing of that essay that, for the first time, gave him confidence in his literary powers, and made him feel that he had a vocation to write what he was thinking, and as he said : ‘ bung it over in print ’. No man ever wrote himself down for others to read more completely than Kennedy. That was no small part of the power that flowed through his verses and prose ; it was his own soul, giving out thoughts that were his very life, and burning to communicate them to others.”

That essay of Studdert’s in *The Church in the Furnace* had a striking sequel. An officer commanding a Battalion in France read it, and was so impressed that he wrote to Bishop Gwynne, suggesting that it might be published separately and distributed in the Army, towards

the cost of which he was prepared to put down £50. Studdert did not think the original essay suitable for this purpose, and so wrote a simpler one under the title : ' Why Aren't All The Best Chaps Christian ? ' which ultimately formed the last chapter of his volume, *Rough Talks by a Padre*.

To return to the National Mission. He subsequently went right into the fighting area with his message, and visited all the British Armies in the Field as well as all the British Bases. He preached, as he described it, to all sorts of grand people, Generals, and ' nobs ' with brass hats, and it was a most frightening experience. They treated him in a most regal fashion, and gave him a beautiful horse to ride. Then he thought he had really had enough of this job, and he wrote to Bishop Gwynne telling him that, inasmuch as he, Studdert, was neither very old nor decrepit it was time he did something more dangerous for his living. The Bishop gave him his wish, and sent him back to the line, as he had promised.

For one brief hour, during this period, there drifted across Studdert's path, quite by accident some would say, through the Providence of

God others would call it, one on whose life he was destined to have the profoundest influence. It is the story of two treasure-laden human vessels, who passed and "spake one another in passing". Theodore Hardy joined as temporary Chaplain in France towards the close of 1916. He was then over fifty years of age. Before the end of the war he had been awarded the M.C., D.S.O., and V.C., and he gave his life for his country and his friends. Prior to being posted to the Front, he was for a short time at the base at Etaples. There he met Studdert Kennedy, just back from the battle area, for one brief conversation. The impact of these two great souls, so alike, and yet so different, is clearly shown in a letter from each of them. In the course of his reply to my letter of congratulation on the occasion of his award of the Victoria Cross, Hardy wrote: "Are you likely to meet, or write to Studdert Kennedy soon? If so, will you tell him I have often wished I could thank him properly for that hour in your office, which, more than almost anything in my life, has helped me in this work—You must admit that you can understand how I feel about these ribbons when I think of him."

Studdert was told this, and responded in a letter which reveals better almost than anything else his own vision of a Chaplain's part in the war. "I remember the conversation very well," he wrote, "and the memory has never left me. I would not have dared to hope that I could really have exercised an influence on Hardy's glorious life, and your letter makes me feel very glad, and very small. I will describe the interview as I remember it: I remember what struck me first was that he was not young, and not strong; and as I talked I began to feel, quite honestly, that this man was a kind of saint. I think it was his humility, and utter willingness to learn, and his eagerness for sacrifice that struck me—most of all his humility. He asked me to tell him what the best way of working up there was. I said: 'Live with the men, go where they go; make up your mind that you will share all their risks, and more, if you can do any good. You can take it that the best place for a padre (provided that he does not interfere with military operations) is where there is most danger of death. Our first job is to go beyond the men in self-sacrifice and reckless devotion. Don't be bamboozled into be-

lieving that your proper place is behind the line ; it isn't. If you stay behind you might as well come down : you won't do a ha'p'orth of good. Your place is in front. The line is the key to the whole business ; work in the very front, and they will listen to you when they come out to rest, but if you only preach and teach behind you are wasting time : the men won't pay the slightest attention to you. The men will forgive you anything but lack of courage and devotion—without that you are useless.' I remember walking up and down and saying this very fiercely, because I was full of it. He took it all so humbly and eagerly that I was ashamed of myself, and loved him. Then I said that the devil tried to get at you by telling you that you could really do no good in the line, and that you were more use alive than dead. I said it was the devil, and a lie—the more padres who died in battle doing Christ-like deeds, the better for the Church. Most of us would be more use dead than alive ! I remember we both looked at one another when I blundered out with that odd speech, and laughed. Then he asked me about spiritual work, and the opportunities for it. I said : ' There is very little

spiritual work—it is all muddled and mixed—but it is all spiritual. Take a box of fags in your haversack, and a great deal of love in your heart, and go up to them, live with them, talk with them. You can pray *with* them sometimes, but pray *for* them always.’ As we talked he got more enthusiastic ; the programme appealed to him, and I loved him because it appealed to him, and I felt that he would do it all much better than I had ever been able to do, because he had the power that belongs to saints, and I was just such a beastly, ordinary man. I told him some yarns, and we both roared, laughing over them. Then we shook hands, and I have never seen him since, but I loved him then, and I love him now. He is one of the best, and God must enjoy him tremendously. If I did influence him it is just another proof of the queer instruments God can use to do jobs with, but I believe that if he had never seen me, or heard of me, he would inevitably have done what he did because he was in his soul a soldier and a saint.”

Great words these from one who was by no means a stranger to fear. On rare occasions—very rare—one met a man who appeared not to know what fear was. Studdert was not one of

these. He did not like danger ; he said it gave him the wobbles inside, and a pain under his belt, but he dealt with the situation when his heart began to race by saying to himself " Now then, now then, down little flutterer." His was the highest form of bravery, and he showed it in no uncertain way during the attack on the Messines Ridge in which the Battalion to which he was attached took part. To his parishioners at Worcester he lifted the veil just a little on this occasion when on leave. He told them how, during the advance, a large shell dropped just behind him, when he had his arms full of wooden stakes. When he heard the noise he cried " Lord help us," dropped the stakes and fell flat on his face. His companion turned round and said " You've got the wind up ! " Then there came heavy fighting, in which he was engaged in tending the wounded. In one engagement the supply of morphia at a Dressing Station had run short, and he volunteered to fetch some from another Station. The ground he had to traverse was being heavily shelled, so that he had to run for short distances and then drop into shell holes for shelter. He successfully accomplished the task and re-

turned in safety. He then volunteered to fetch in three wounded men, one of whom attempted to get in himself and was blown to pieces. After that, added Studdert, "I was rung up on the telephone, and was told that I had ten days leave, and the Military Cross."

Here is the official record of this award, taken from the *London Gazette* of August 16th, 1917:

"For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. He showed the greatest courage and disregard for his own safety in attending to the wounded under heavy fire. He searched shell holes for our own, and enemy wounded, assisting them to the Dressing Station, and his cheerfulness and endurance had a splendid effect upon all ranks in the front line trenches, which he constantly visited."

Studdert's courage was the more admirable because physically he was far from strong. He was a martyr to asthma; ever and always it threatened him, and on many occasions during the war it laid him out, and ultimately was a contributory cause of his early death. He called it, when it came on, "an attack of the go-wrong

in my wind-box," and he often had to preach "between the wheezes." A bad bout, which necessitated a long period in hospital, called forth from him the remark that he felt like a rat pulled by its tail through a hedge on a wet morning ! But he was brave and cheery to a degree over it all, and never gave in until he was literally dropping in his tracks.

For three short but quite distinct and definite periods Studdert served in the front line. Those who have tried know how extraordinarily difficult it is to say much of the doings of men on the field of battle, for the very good reason that the men do not usually speak of it themselves. There have, however, been instances where men have been articulate, and have written their experiences. Studdert was, in a sense, one of these. Reading between the lines of his poetry and prose, we get a very fair idea of what he was, and did, and saw, and felt. He did not aim at giving a picture of himself. In relating experiences and incidents he always had a purpose in view, and in that purpose there was no thought of self. He claimed also that he had not really violated what John Oxenham had finely called 'the most loving conspiracy

of silence that the world has ever known'; nor had he torn aside the veil of noble reticence behind which our soldiers sought to hide the suffering they endured. "I would not," he said, "if I could, and could not if I would. I would not if I could, because it would be cruel; I could not, if I would, because the brutality of war is literally unutterable: there are no words foul and filthy enough to describe it." Nevertheless, in his writings we can piece together a very vivid picture.

We can see him floundering in the trenches, discussing with an ex-churchwarden the contrast between the mud and blood of war and mothers' meetings. One with the men in their laughter and tears, his abounding sense of humour helped to keep him and them sane, even as *Punch* and Bairnsfather often helped us. He saw many things, and he wrote of many: of bully-beef and rum and cigarettes. His continuous distribution of a certain brand of these to the men gave him the name of 'Woodbine Willie' whereby he was so widely known, and of which he himself wrote thus:

“ They gave me this name like their nature
Compacted of laughter and tears,
A sweet that was born of the bitter,
A joke that was torn from the years ! ”

He told of that arch-pest of the trenches, ‘ the chat,’ which seemed to have a peculiar affection for him : of snipers and ‘ five-point nines,’ of barkless tree-trunks and battered villages, of Crucifixes and wooden crosses ; of the mixture of heroic deeds and moral lapses ; of the suffering of wounded, and of the English land in France where our dead lay buried : his eyes were wide open to the waste, the tragedy and the pathos of it all. And he saw it not merely from the British standpoint : note the working of his mind when the German trenches were being heavily shelled : “ We cannot see the other side. Ugh ! damn all war ! They have wives, and kiddies like my Patrick, and are being torn to bits and shattered ! ” Nothing seemed to escape his notice : the most humorous or commonplace remark, the ordinary features of war, the every-day sights, all had their message, though during active operations when he was very busy and pre-occupied he was unconscious of connected thinking. But when the lull came

he found in his memory whole trains of thought that had been working themselves out all the time : and each train of thought he tried to write down.

What great thoughts they were ! See him now in a shell hole, with one of the men, burying his pal :

“ There are many kinds of sorrow
In this world of love and hate,
But there's not a sterner sorrow
Than a soldier's for his mate.”

See him another time, at an advanced dressing station :

“ 'Ere we are now—stretcher case, boys.
Bring 'im 'aht a cup o' tea !
' Inasmuch as ye have done it,
Ye have done it unto Me.' ”

See him after a battle, thinking of the comrades he will see no more on earth :

“ Oh, I saw ye lying still,
Oh, so crumpled and so still,
At the bottom of the hill,
Comrades mine.

Altogether in a row,
In a ghastly, gallant row,
With your faces to the foe.
Comrades mine.

God of courage, grant me grace—
Grant me His especial grace,
With you boys to see His Face,
Comrades mine.”

Can we marvel that he had such a wonderful effect on the men ? For this was his spirit, and the spirit with which he inspired others:

“ To do more than you can
Is to be a British man,
Not a rotten ‘ also ran ’,
Carry on ! ”

He loved nature, too, in all its forms. His word-pictures of the sunrise and sunset are charming. He had a great affection for children, and missed their response when it was withheld : “ I often feel lonely because French children do not smile back when you smile at them, but look puzzled. To walk down the street and not have a friend in every child is a stark lonely performance. I think the French children are sad, and small blame to

them ; the war lies very dark over this land." Neither did the doings of animals and birds escape him. One day he and a few others during a heavy bombardment were expecting momentarily to be buried by high explosive ; the tension of the situation was relieved by his pointing to a kitten, seated outside, on the back of a dead soldier, washing itself. Or, again "Look at that lark," he cries, "up he goes, trilling beautifully. He doesn't care a tuppenny dump for the guns. He thinks mankind has gone mad, and that is what I think too."

Studdert was the last to make any claim to be a theologian in the exact sense of the word. What he wrote, and what he said, were the result of ' the inner ruminations of an incurably religious man under battle conditions,' and he admitted frankly that battles did not make for carefully balanced thought. He just took a truth and hurled it at people's heads, as the guns hurled it at his. It has been said that Studdert's theology was literally hammered out on the field of battle. That is in a sense true. But he tells us that the vision of a suffering God, revealed in Jesus Christ, and the necessary truth of it, began to dawn on him in the

narrow streets and shadowed homes of an English slum before ever the war broke out. All that the war did was to batter in more deeply its essential truth.

“ Father, if He, the Christ, be Thy Revealer,
Truly the First Begotten of the Lord,
Then must Thou be a suff’rer and a Healer,
Pierced to the heart by the sorrow of the sword.”

His aim was not to solve but to throw light upon the problem with which the brutal realities of war had brought him face to face : to reconcile belief in the love of God with the Omnipotence of the Deity—at any rate that idea of Omnipotence which was so deeply embedded in the minds of men. He shouted out the negative ‘ not Almighty ’ again and again, against the popular conception, because life in peace and war shouted it at him. But the negative was only important so far as it cleared away the clouds that hid the great positive of the All-conquering God revealed in Christ. “ What do we mean when we say God is Almighty ? ” he wrote ; “ well, we don’t mean that God can do anything we choose to imagine He ought to be able to do ; we don’t mean that God can stop

the war, and make everything perfect, by just giving the order, that it should be so : we don't mean that God has no obstacles to overcome, no problems to solve, and no pain to bear ; but we declare our firm belief that He is strong enough to overcome all obstacles, solve all problems, and endure all pain, and prove Himself Almighty in the end."

" God, the God I love and worship, reigns in
sorrow on the Tree,
Broken, bleeding, but unconquered, Very God of
God to me.

On my knees I fall and worship that great cross
that shines above,
For the Very God of Heaven is not Power, but
Power of Love."

Studdert was conscious that a worthier brain and hand could make that truth clearer by freeing it from the comparative isolation in which he left it, and by placing it in its proper relationship to the rest of Truth. But he was utterly and entirely out for reality at all costs : " If we believe in a God of love at all," he said, " we must believe it in the face of war and all it means.

We must make clear to ourselves, and to the world, what we mean when we say: 'I believe in God the Father *Almighty*'. I must give an intelligent answer to the question: 'What is God Almighty like?' "

For metaphysical speculation he had little use. "In the real God I find no metaphysical abstraction, but God speaks to me in the only language I can understand, which is the human language; God revealed in the only terms I can begin to comprehend, which are the terms of Perfect Human Personality."

"Only in Him can I find home to hide me,
Who on the cross was slain to rise again,
Only with Him my Comrade God beside me,
Can I go forth to war with sin and pain."

On one occasion I was present at a conversation between Studdert and an intellectual but rather cold-blooded brother Chaplain. Studdert was talking on his favourite theme, 'the sorrow and suffering of God'. The other endeavoured to show him that he was dealing with a metaphysical question and, in addition, was merely reviving the heresy of the early days of Christianity. Studdert blazed out: "To

hell with your metaphysics ! I have to show God to 'Ole Bill in the trenches in a way which *he* can understand. I have to show him a God who can command his respect and win his love. And why, may I ask, should a doctrine which was considered a heresy in the fourth century necessarily be heresy still in the twentieth ? ”

He was a very frank critic of much of the expression of Christianity as found among professing Christians. He drove straight through the deadening conventionalities of thought and life, as a Tank through barbed wire. But of the Church itself he was ever a stalwart champion ; “ There is a great deal of nonsense,” he wrote, “ talked about the failure of the Church. There is enormous need of reform in the Church, as there is in every department of our national life, but we are not called upon to go down on our knees and apologise for our existence, and ask the man in the street if he minds our being on the earth. With all her faults the Church is the purest and least corrupt department of national life still, and whilst she needs to humble herself before God, is not called upon to grovel before man. I believe, with all my heart, that the failure of the Church

is the failure of the Crucified, which is bound to end in a glorious resurrection."

It may be truthfully said of Studdert that never throughout the war did his faith waver. In the stress and strain of it all, when its baffling contradictions stared men in the face, some lost faith, in many more faith grew dim for a time. Studdert himself, on occasions, felt himself stripped of much that he had held dear. I remember meeting him just after he had come off the Messines Ridge. I asked him about himself. He told me he had seen things, and that he had been given the Military Cross. Then he added : " You know, this business has made me less cocksure of much of which I was cocksure before. On two points I am certain : Christ and His Sacrament ; apart from those I am not sure I am certain of anything, and at the moment I am not prepared to go ten yards towards the stake in defence of Apostolic Succession ;—but of these two, Christ and His Sacrament, I *am* dead sure." Studdert was no stranger to the meaning of that wondrous old hymn : " Jesu, Lover of my soul."

He did not agree with those who said that the soldier had no *religious* difficulties, that he did

not think, but was just indifferent : and that his difficulties were moral, not intellectual. Studdert maintained that a great deal of the so-called indifference was really agnosticism—not articulate, nor formulated, but felt. The contradictions of war irritated the men. Many despaired of finding a solution to the puzzle of life, and therefore took to a narcotic in the form of drink, or cursing the Serjeant Major. Studdert was not blind to this problem. “ God’s stars, singing-birds and sunset beauty ; flowers and fair summer skies, golden mists and bloody slaughter ! What is a man to make of it ? ” But he did make some pattern out of it, and for many a soul groping in the dark he threw a flood of light on many questions. He was conscious of a vision of things which had brought him help, and he just wanted to give to others what had helped him. And surely he succeeded in doing so. Take for example his vision of the Last Judgment. Crude ideas were widespread in men’s minds on this subject, so he set himself to combat them in his poem “ Well ? ” Could anything be more arresting, or get more at the heart of the matter than that poem, with its closing lines :

“ And, boys, I’d sooner frizzle up,
I’ the flames of a burning ’Ell,
Than stand and look into ’Is face,
And ’ear ’Is voice say—‘ Well ? ’ ”

Another example is that truly wonderful light which he threw on the Blessed Sacrament. Thousands of women were being left utterly desolate, their boys dead upon the battlefield. And the Voice still sounded in their ears as they nobly sought to keep their faith : ‘ Come unto Me all that travail and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you,’ yet little of comfort could they find. Then in upon their darkness and desolation of soul broke a bright gleam of light which gave a meaning to their sufferings, when for the first time they read Studdert’s poem : ‘ A Mother Understands ’ :

“ Dear Lord, I hold my hand to take
Thy body, broken once for me,
Accept the sacrifice I make,
My body, broken, Christ, for Thee.

He was my body, born of me,
Born of my bitter travail pain,
And it lies broken on the field,
Swept by the wind and the rain.

Surely a Mother understands Thy thorn-crowned head,

The mystery of Thy piercèd Hands—the Broken Bread.”

And how desperately he strove to give right ideas of prayer ; how relentlessly he drove into those wrong ideas which held sway in so many minds, and which prevented so many from making head or tail of the problem of prayer apparently unanswered. Their name is legion who live to call him blessed for the way he won them to see prayer in its true light. How passionately he longed for a better England after the war. How clearly he saw ahead the dangers of reaction. How earnestly he appealed to the nation to give of its best to the men who returned : “ I am persuaded that it is a tremendous opportunity, born of England’s agony, which we must take or be traitors to a trust—the most awful trust ever put in the hands of a Christian nation. Thousands who never thought of religion before are groping after the truth ; we must make them hear, through the agony of the nation, the call of Christ. Everything depends on how England receives home the survivors of this awful conflict. The

war will not do it by itself, but it is a great chance—a great chance if Christian people at home will take it.”

No account of Studdert as a Chaplain would be complete, or true to life, without some mention of a factor in the presentation of his message which gave offence to not a few, who felt that some of the expressions he used were not in keeping with his calling. There was indeed one occasion when he got into serious hot water over a sermon which he preached to a congregation of tremendously important people, generals, and staff officers galore, and a large body of troops. The acoustics of the building were bad ; the key to his whole message lay in a single sentence, which he reserved to the end, and which, if put at the beginning, might possibly have set matters right. His sermon provoked very severe criticism, and he came to me very depressed about it. He felt the criticism was unfair. But even that episode had its comic side. He regaled me with an account of his meeting on the station platform with a ‘ brass hat ’ that same afternoon. The Staff Officer accosted him with the words : “ Are you the fellow who preached this morning? ”

“ I have that honour,” replied Studdert. “ Well, all I can say is,” said the ‘ brass hat,’ “ that you ought to be cashiered, or locked up in an asylum.” To which onslaught Studdert responded: “ The gentleman who makes a remark like that is, to my mind, lacking in humour.” They travelled in the same carriage, and became the best of friends !

There is no doubt, however, that in the eyes of many this constant use of forcible and startling expressions amounted to weakness. Others prefer to look upon it as an anomaly which, in his case, was used entirely for good. While in some cases it is clear that his hearers did not distinguish his own words from those quotations of the language of the men which he so freely employed, there were many of us who tried to persuade him that his message would have gone home just as forcibly without such expletives.

Perhaps we were wrong ; he maintained that those in his audiences who took offence were seeking to dodge the issue. As time went on, however, he seemed to be more ready to listen to the counsel of his friends. After all is said and done, who is perfect ? And few can

lay claim to have done a tenth of what Studdert did, not only during those years of war, but right up to the end of that life so full of love for God and humanity. No more glowing tribute was ever paid to any man than that paid by the Dean of Worcester in his preface to *The Hardest Part* (possibly the greatest of all Studdert's prose productions) which he describes as : 'an earnest man's endeavour to do for the British soldier what the writer of the Book of Job, and the Prophet Isaiah, endeavoured to do for the men of their times.' And there are many who feel that this is not exaggerated praise.

Studdert was demobilized and returned to civil life at the end of March 1919. The King honoured him by appointing him one of his Chaplains. About two years later I met him in London. I asked him whether he felt that his message still cut ice. He replied, very humbly, that it was a difficult question to answer, but that he thought he could point to at any rate not less than fifty people who during the past six months appeared to have been illuminated, and whose whole lives had been changed in consequence. I replied "Good

enough; I only wish I could say the same." Verily in Studdert's crown there will be many jewels ; though I imagine that he would have preferred them to be called thorns.

STUDDERT KENNEDY:
I.C.F. CRUSADER
P. T. R. KIRK.

STUDDERT KENNEDY: I.C.F. CRUSADER

LIKE the rest of us, Studdert Kennedy probably declared during the War that he would never go back to stiff collars and the conventional life. However difficult we may have found it at first, it was not long before we were back in our traditional garb and busy again about the accustomed tasks. Kennedy did not slide into them so easily. He certainly wore clerical dress—that was the only conventional thing about him,—but the narrow confines of pre-war life were too strait for the soul which had emerged in him in those years of blood and tears. There was new work ahead for him, work that would rend heart and brain and body, work that could not be fitted into the little limits of parochial days. If he had not found it where he did, he must surely have found elsewhere a form of ministry for which his unconventional nature was suited.

It was my privilege, under the hand of God,

to offer him the work which occupied the last years of his life. The Industrial Christian Fellowship, evolving out of the Navy Mission, was preparing for a wider embassy of goodwill among the trades and industries of our land. We were in need of a Messenger ; and, after hearing Kennedy speak, I had no doubt that his was the voice, and his the message, for which we were waiting. A long conversation, some correspondence, and he had accepted the call. Before long, his appointment to the charge of a City church with few pastoral demands made it possible for him to spend weeks at a time touring the country in the interests of the I.C.F. The Crusades held in different districts centred around his visits and owed more than can well be told to his influence and zeal.

This is the part of the story allotted to me. It must necessarily overlap a little the other chapters ; for what Kennedy was in these last years was the fruition of all that had gone before, and it is impossible for one to write of him at all without writing of him "As a Friend". The ideals which had called him into the ministry were those which were before

him for the rest of his life. The horror of war, which he learned as he lived with the troops, grew, not diminished, as each year carried him farther and farther from those fateful years. The sympathy which he felt for the suffering in battle was transmuted into an even more tender compassion for those hard-pressed in industrial struggles. His life was of one piece, and those who knew him at all knew him in a friendly intimacy which must remain as one of their most fragrant memories. His immense capacity for friendship was one of the outstanding characteristics of the man. To me he was a brother beloved, and I can write of him in no other way.

Some of my colleagues in the I.C.F. have collaborated with me to the extent of sending impressions and reminiscences which will be incorporated in the pages which follow. They are unanimous in their veneration of him as of a prophet, and present the portrait of one who, like his Master, went about doing good. He spoke to a world which is still bewitched with a sense of false values—in religion, in politics, in trade, and in social life—and he stood forth fearlessly as an undaunted champion

of righteousness and truth. He had a great intellect, but an even greater heart. His passionate concern for the down-and-outs has probably done more to arouse the public conscience than all the endless discussions in Parliament could ever do ; for he taught by example as well as by precept. He had the human touch, if ever a man had it ; and bore in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus. There was a world of sorrow in his deep eyes, and an eager restlessness in his manner which he could not hide. These things expressed themselves unconsciously as a yearning over humanity—humanity unredeemed, as he would say, but, by the Grace of God in Christ, in process of redemption.

He came to love our Fellowship as if it were his own child. At Headquarters we always felt that the family was somehow incomplete until he came ; and the same was true at Crusades and Retreats. He seemed to regard our Office as a kind of home to which he could send people. It would be difficult to estimate the number of folk who came to us saying that Mr. Kennedy had sent them. The Fellowship House Debating Group is largely com-

posed of those who became interested in our work through him, and by his advice large numbers of students enrolled in our correspondence courses. His life was wholly wrapped up in his work, and much of his spirit will remain in our movement as long as there are associated with it any who have worked with him.

The scope of the survey appointed me here hardly includes his literary work, but some mention must be made of that ; his books will probably be read for many years, and his articles were eagerly devoured by tens of thousands of readers. While there was much in them which appeared to have application chiefly to the needs of the hour, there was the statement there of an eternal message which will always be timely. The Hebrew prophets spoke for their own day, but left words which are capable of endless appropriateness. So, while Kennedy was dealing with particular phases of social sin, he made indictments which will never be inapposite as long as social sin continues. In all of them there is sheer, stark honesty ; and to turn to any of them is to find the dreadful light of truth focussed on the

enemies of human well-being. Some of his poems will be quoted by preachers through many decades. We may miss the intonation with which he recited them, but their value will long outlive his voice.

The theological basis which underlay his message has often been questioned. His constant theme was the Suffering of Christ. Like S. Francis of Assisi, he knew the fellowship of that suffering, and could understand something of the thought of God on the cruelty of sin. There was nothing in the universe so real to him as God, and he believed with passionate fervour in the Incarnation of God in Christ. While he was writing one of his books, he told me that he had come to see life at every phase in terms of four stages, and four only—Birth, Death, Resurrection and Ascension. The life that fails to conform to that process, he said, is abnormal. Only one life had ever so conformed, so His alone was normal. Kennedy had found God after long and intense struggle ; thereafter his pain was not the pain of quest, but that of a heart grieved by human sin and folly. He identified the shame of his failings with that of others, yet could feel

his Lord's distress about it all. Since this was so, he could not fail to reiterate all that it meant.

The friend in whose house he passed away—the Rev. Edward Harrison—has written a tribute which admirably sums up three things which gave his message its chief value.

There was “his passionate love of peace”; but this peace was no merely negative thing, no mere absence of war. As he had written himself some years before :

Peace does not mean the end of all our striving ;
Joy does not mean the drying of our tears ;
Peace is the power that comes to souls arriving
Up to the light where God Himself appears.

It was a great thing to have the holder of a Military Cross, whose patriotism was unquestionable, who had been over and over again in the heat of battle, denouncing war and the mind that leads to war, in the terms he used.

The second valuable part of his message, according to this summary, was “his combination of sound faith and orthodoxy with a ready acceptance of the assured results of modern

scholarship and scientific research." People will not listen much longer to the mere traditionalist who refuses to face the findings of sane criticism, and they are tired and intolerant of the cold superiority of the man who denies the Faith he professes when he says the Creed. Kennedy kept abreast of modern thought, and frankly confessed what he felt about old conceptions which must be given up. How he could make this intelligible to the mind of the average person is seen in his handling of the Apostles' Creed in "Food for the Fed-up". When he spoke, it was with an eloquence unrivalled in our time, but all the while he was aglow with the love of the Divine Christ and of the Sacraments of the Church. No one can read his poems or his books without recognizing this.

Further, and this concerns the Industrial Christian Fellowship, "he delivered exactly the Christian social message which the age demands". He saw the difficulty of the age, and, without ever being platitudinous, he told both rich and poor their faults. He poured contempt on those who talked as though it were an easy matter to settle our modern problems

under either a capitalistic or a socialist order of society. The way out is not easy, and there is no way but the way of Christ.

To these headings might have been added his intense conviction that to the Church has been given the task of spreading the spirit in which all our problems, national and international, may find their solution. His last book, which remains unfinished, was appearing in serial instalments in a weekly journal when he died. It was a survey of the modern implications of the Sermon on the Mount. Jesus delivered this Sermon to His first followers, and to His followers in later days is entrusted the work of infusing social life with those ideals. Kennedy was instant in season and out of season in pressing the application of the Master's message to questions of peace and war, politics, industrialism, slums, business ethics, sex problems, sport and art, and so on. He challenged his fellow-members in the Church to rise to their calling in the hour of opportunity.

The way in which he worded this challenge was often criticised. Those who could not speak his language were sometimes filled with

horror at it ; but in all his wild speech, there was a student's choice of words. His unrestrained utterance was that of a soul in revolt. Some superficial people thought him flippant, but he was only trying to shake them out of their self-complacency.

There was very little, if anything, of the extempore in his speaking ; he said that he dare not leave anything to chance. His speeches were prepared with tremendous care, and he would say that he shivered at the thought of making a speech on the spur of the moment. At the same time, if he had to face an audience at short notice, he was ready to stand and think aloud upon the latest subject that had gripped his mind. His method of preparing his sermons and addresses was to write them on a pad which he carried with him. If he made a single correction on a sheet, he re-wrote it all, until he knew his message off by heart. He could repeat it word for word without hesitation. Every phrase which seemed to flow spontaneously like a stream from his lips had a place which was fixed and determined before it was uttered. His message was delivered with great energy and enthusiasm and con-

tained much more than a dash of Celtic humour ; yet he never introduced a witticism without a purpose. His witty words were always stepping-stones to higher things. Emphatically, he only played to the gallery so that he might gain the gallery's attention.

In conversations with our workers he constantly spoke warnings against the dangers of inexact expressions, and of introducing humour which did not lead folk very far. If one of the reasons for his forceful appeal was the almost uncanny way in which he could have his hearers rocking with laughter at one moment and at the point of tears the next, another was the aptitude he had with all this of introducing in the middle of his popular speeches—which rarely lasted much less than an hour—long passages which called for all the intelligence. Once, when he addressed a gathering of students in a theological college, feeling that he was not carrying their minds with him—for he was very sensitive to atmosphere—he told the men that they must put on their thinking caps : “ I have taken all this before an audience of working-men, and they managed to put up with it, and so must you.” His topic on that

occasion was the Necessity of Capital Accumulations.

The ultimate terms in which he valued things were the values of Christ, and it was to those that he turned, whatever subject he was considering. He could not help approaching his topic from our Lord's standpoint; it was second-nature to him. This was why unbelievers, when they heard him, did not feel that Religion was being dragged in. They got it almost without knowing.

Though it seemed at times that he was hard in his denunciations, there was no bitterness; nothing but deep feeling for those who suffered and were unfortunate. He would often, especially towards the end, follow an outburst by a sentence filled with emotion, in which he begged his audience to forgive him if he had said anything that was not in accordance with Christian charity. He was extraordinarily sensitive, and always willing to consider that he might be wrong. During the Bristol Crusade, someone had taken him to task for the strength of the words he used. He answered that he hoped he had only damned what was literally damnable, but with real humility begged for forgiveness

if he had made mistakes. He felt himself under an obligation to present vile facts in all their stark reality, and nothing would ever induce him to wrap up unpleasant truths in nice language to suit delicate minds.

There were those inside the Church who regarded him with suspicion and misunderstanding. To many, Studdert Kennedy was merely a name, though a well-known name, and one that had not always the best of reputations. Many, including the clergy, had never heard him speak or read his books, and when the opportunity presented itself they generally flocked to hear him. He could always be trusted to stir them out of their apathy, and they could not fail to realize that here was an honest man, filled with righteous zéal. If we were looking for prototypes, we should think almost instinctively of Savonarola or Amos—perhaps better of an Amos with the tenderness of a Hosea.

What mattered more to him than the opinion of those in the Church, however, was what those outside the Churches thought. One of our Crusaders tells of his surprise at seeing at one of Kennedy's meetings a well-known and able rationalist, who said to him afterwards—

“ I would go anywhere to hear that man ! ”
At the docks or in the mid-day Lenten services of the northern cities, he was sure to be faced by vast crowds who never ordinarily darkened the doors of a Church—and they heard him gladly.

The comment of the Bishop of Lichfield may be quoted in full :

Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy was the life and soul of our Crusades at Stoke-on-Trent and Wolverhampton.

1. He was utterly unsparing of himself. He worked from morning till night. As “ leader ” I felt ashamed of allowing him to do so much ; but the horse was so willing, and the work he did so valuable, that one let him go ahead, even though he was tiring himself out. But however weary he might be, he never lost his freshness, and the power of his appeal was undiminished.

2. He always brought out of his treasure things new as well as old. His power of sympathy enabled him to appreciate and establish contact with different types of audience—whether it was a mixed meeting in the open air, a drawing-room meeting of well-to-do folk, or a congregation of business people at a mid-day service.

3. His deep spiritual devotion was an inspiration to his fellow-workers. In my judgment, his devo-

tional addresses to the Crusaders at our daily morning services were the most valuable contribution he gave to our crusades.

4. The reality of his spiritual power, together with his unaffected humility, strongly commended him to his brother clergy, some of whom had started with a prejudice against him. When he was addressing a company of clergy, he lifted us on to a level where "party" questions were transcended, and gave to many of us new ideals of the purpose for which the Church exists.

It was in the devotional addresses, when he knew that he was speaking to people who would understand the deeper things of the spiritual life, that he was able to reveal his own inner life to some degree and to show what in his view it really meant to be a Christian and a Churchman. He never let these two things slip apart, for he urged that one could not be the first in fullness unless one were the second. His talks on such occasions were so informal, and were given in such a humble way, that his hearers were filled with the desire to catch his spirit. He always produced a very high spiritual and devotional atmosphere.

The congregations at St. Edmund's, Lombard Street—his City charge—were drawn from

great distances, and sometimes after an early Communion, breakfast would be served for all who came. Then would follow a walk in the little Churchyard garden, and the Rector would talk heart-to-heart with his friends in his inimitable way—pacing up and down, and often just giving his thoughts aloud. Sometimes he was full of fun, interspersing his sentences with his delightful chuckle ; sometimes he was silent, with his eyes looking beyond anything his companions could see.

The talks given to a little company at a Retreat at High Leigh were unforgettable. One who was there writes of the setting of glorious spring weather—sunshine and a blaze of flowers. His message seemed to reflect and to be a part of their setting. He sat in the big chair of the Chapel, looking past his hearers to the glory of the garden.

How much Kennedy loved Nature his poems alone suffice to show. I was with him on his first visit to Switzerland. On the evening of arrival he was missing for some hours. We found him at last where he had been all the while—gazing at the mountains with their eternal snow-caps. There is a quaint snapshot

of him sitting on the top of a sign-post on Dartmoor. He had never been there before, and he shouted in sheer, exuberant joy at the forbidding but attractive sweep of moorland. He responded to Beauty as a flower to light. He had the artist's love of visible beauty and the musician's love of beauty of sound. In all beauty he saw the glory of God. As he writes in one of his books:

In mystery of arch and aisle, in splendour of massive towers and tall spires—in the towers of York and the spire of Salisbury, in Bach's Mass in B Minor—there is the Kingdom and the Power and the Glory.

To him God was Perfect Beauty, Perfect Goodness and Perfect Truth—beyond our human comprehension as God the Father, revealed to us as God the Son, and infinitely knowable as God the Holy Spirit.

He was a High Churchman who loved ritual as an aid to worship, but he never treated it as an essential ; so that in his travels he was able to take part in both Protestant and Catholic services and to find the essential elements in both. An intimate story comes to me from one of the worshippers at Lombard Street:

The Rector would never press confession on anyone. I never heard him mention it in his sermons ; but he would always hear confessions when asked. I want to mention a little incident in this connection which is very precious to me, and which shows the wonderful understanding he had. I went to the Rector for my first confession, and amongst all the sins I had to confess there was one which literally made me squirm with shame to have to mention. It was by no means so serious as some of the others, but somehow to admit it before a human being was frightfully hard. But it had to be done, of course. He saw how I felt, and as I finished, he said with infinite tenderness—" Yes, my dear, that's my great temptation, too ! " Just imagine how that helped me !

But from these views of him, let us come back to the sterner days of crusading. With all his utter sympathy for the distressed, he never compromised on the question of righteousness. One of the noisiest of his meetings was in the Rhondda in 1926, during the coal dispute, where one questioner tried to justify stealing on account of the terrible conditions. Kennedy, just because his heart ached for the man in his trouble, seemed all the more stern in his replies.

In many ways he showed himself a man of

unqualified courage. There was a large measure of physical pluck, as his war days proved, but of far greater account was his complete moral fearlessness. He aroused enthusiasm, but never through courting the breeze of popular favour. He aroused opposition and refused to modify his message to avoid it. He was brave enough to try to tell all sorts and conditions of men the truth as he saw it ; and he combined in a remarkable manner a very vivid and rich personality with an entire absence of that self-centredness which is so often its evil but natural associate. He could not bear to be lionised. To simple folk, old comrades of war days, or children, he would—dog-tired as he often was—gladly sign autographs for hours together; but he would shrivel up if he were asked to meet scalp-hunters on social occasions.

At one meeting at Brynmawr, during the Monmouthshire Crusade, he phrased his remarks with even more directness than usual. There was a large and noisy section of persons present who professed to be Communists. Notwithstanding that there was real danger, Kennedy insisted after the meeting in going outside and continuing his argument. They threatened

to "do him in," but in the end there was peace. After another meeting had broken up in confusion, deliberately planned, and before the uproar had ceased, he earnestly asked a friend if he had seemed to lose his temper. He was not afraid of opposition, but he had a horror of failing in duty.

Something has been said already of his dealing with individuals. He had the faculty, in a marked degree, of shutting out the rest of a company, so as to get heart to heart in conversation with the man beside him. A candidate for ordination went to him to ask what were the essential qualifications for a priest. The reply was that he thought a clergyman ought to be three things—a prophet, a pastor, and a priest. The inquirer was a little nonplussed at such an apparently innocent and orthodox reply, and proceeded: "I can understand what you mean by the first two. By 'prophet' I take you to mean one who proclaims the truth as far as he sees it; by 'pastor' I take you to mean one who cares for and feeds the souls of his flock; but what do you mean by 'priest'? Do you mean one who dispenses the Sacraments? Kennedy replied, "Yes, but more than that.

I mean one who bears upon himself the burden of the sins and sorrows of his people." Then he added quickly, "But I don't want you to misunderstand me. Don't think for a moment that I conform to that ideal. My ministry, such as it is, might be regarded as a success; but all I'm conscious of is continual failure." Yet, if ever there were a man who conformed exactly to that ideal, he was that man.

Of his generosity countless stories might be told. When he was addressing the convicts at Wandsworth, he promised that if any of them came to him on their release he would give whatever help lay in his power. For eighteen months after that, there was a constant stream of suppliants; and not one went away to complain that "Woodbine Willie" had not kept his promise.

In his personal habits he was extremely absent-minded. We had to send him from Headquarters a message to each place on his tours, to remind him of the town that he must visit next. He would miss a connexion at the railway station while he examined the contents of the book-stall. Often he was "lost" at a time when he was expected to address a meet-

ing. Wherever he stayed, he left something behind ; his travels left a trail of brushes, collars or pyjamas. (Somehow his books always found their place in his suitcase!) This is told to emphasise one fact ; he never forgot a kindness he had promised. That was always punctually done. He would go to the ends of the earth to save a man or to help one distressed.

Children loved him, and he loved them. He was intensely fond of his own. The following instance is typical of many. After a late meeting in a northern provincial town, his chairman rushed him in a powerful car to Manchester, where towards midnight he got a train to Crewe. He slept a few hours in a hotel there, boarded a very early train, and got to Worcester in time for breakfast. When he was asked the reason for all this haste, he simply said, " It's Pat's birthday to-morrow, and I want to be at breakfast when he comes downstairs."

Of the intimacy of long hours spent at night in my own study, I can hardly tell. He would pace about the room, smoking endless cigarettes—most of which would be thrown half-finished into the grate—while he thought aloud

on the problems of the day. He thought, worried, shook, and wrestled his way through mighty questions. What he said later to his audiences was wrestled through in those times of soliloquy. It is a fearful thing to witness the birth-pangs of prophecy . . . !

Towards the end of his ministry he was often worn through, and his asthma became increasingly a hindrance, against which he fought bravely. He would arrive at his destination tired out, but soon his indomitable spirit would triumph and his bodily fatigue be forgotten as he threw himself with his accustomed fire and zeal into the work of bringing the people of that place nearer to God. Many memories will cherish the sight of his little figure in the red cassock of a royal chaplain, the blue hood of Trinity College, Dublin, the scarf and ribbons, those big, brown eyes with their far-away look, and that irresistible smile which was so quick to come. They will catch again the tone of the soft Irish brogue as he pleaded for righteousness and peace and friendship.

As he spoke, all thought of time would be lost. One evening he held his audience for nearly two hours. He was always distressed

afterwards if he thought he had been too long. A watch was suggested, but he said that he would forget to look at it, and remarked that he never carried one because he always failed to wind it up !

One of the last scenes will not soon be forgotten, when, at the close of a mission he sat, still in his robes, in the clergy's vestry, almost in a state of collapse, his body shaken with sobs. He was fighting for breath in one of his attacks of asthma, and trying to blurt out apologies for not doing more for the parish, making, as he said, "such a mess of it." That was characteristic of the man ; giving of his very best, doing more perhaps than any other living person, and then not satisfied with the result. Tea and cigarettes revived him, and in the morning he was his own cheery self again.

Looking back we seem to see that there was a presentiment in the last year that he was soon to finish his course. His last article, published in *The Torch*—the official organ of the I.C.F.—in March, 1929, dealt with "The Challenge of Easter." There he told of the last ditch in which every man, be he Christian or not, must sooner or later stand ; and in the

first paragraph occur the words—" I know that last ditch well."

The wreaths sent to his grave testified to the affection and grief of those who were contained in the breadth of his love:

From the little cripples of New Town Hospital ;
God is Love. We loved you.

A token of respect on behalf of the Worcester
Unemployed.

In memory of our fallen comrade, from the
British Legion.

The Churches, the Stage, the Student Christian Movement, Philanthropic Societies, as well as the branches of the I.C.F., sent their flowers to witness to the beauty and the fragrance of his life.

He had already visualised in a poem the moment when he would step into his grave ; and in them we can hear the very words he uttered as he handed the book of his life to his Lord :

It is not finished, Lord.
There is not one thing done.
There is no battle of my life
That I have really won.

And now I come to tell Thee
How I fought to fail.
I cannot read this writing of the years,
My eyes are full of tears.
It gets all blurred, and won't make sense.
It's full of contradictions
Like the scribblings of a child.
I can but hand it in, and hope
That Thy great mind, which reads
The writings of so many lives
Will understand this scrawl
And what it strives
To say—but leaves unsaid.
I cannot write it over.
The stars are coming out.
My body needs its bed.
I have no strength for more,
So it must stand or fall—dear Lord !—
That's all.

His last words from a public platform will be remembered on Merseyside, and especially at Wallasey where they were spoken. They were recited at the conclusion of his final address :

We shall build on !
We shall build on !
On through the cynic's scorning,
On through the coward's warning,
On through the cheat's suborning,

We shall build on !
Firm on the Rock of Ages,
City of saints and sages,
Laugh while the tempest rages,
We shall build on !
Christ, though my hands be bleeding,
Fierce though my flesh be pleading,
Still let me see Thee leading,
Let me build on !
Till through death's cruel dealing,
Brain wrecked and reason reeling,
I hear Love's trumpets pealing,
And I pass on !

Love's trumpets pealing ! That was prophetic. For in a few short days he passed on, "and all the trumpets sounded on the other side."

7

STUDDERT KENNEDY:
A FRIEND
H. R. L. SHEPPARD

STUDDERT KENNEDY: A FRIEND

GEOFFREY Studdert Kennedy offered friendship to all with whom he came in contact, and it was the rare privilege of some of us to know him intimately. There has never been anyone in my life who at all resembled him. To me the outstanding qualities which made his friendship so lovely were his deep love for humanity, his intense sympathy and generosity, and his magnetic humour and wit.

I remember so well the first time I saw Studdert. It was in my study in the Vicarage at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, one day after the Armistice. I forget why he came to see me, but I was immensely intrigued to meet him, for I had heard many a tale of what he had accomplished amongst the soldiers in France, and a good deal of criticism too. My first impression was that he was an ugly little man with wonderful eyes, wearing an immense collar. I asked him a few questions, and then quite

suddenly he began to talk about our Lord—so beautifully, so naturally, and so tenderly—and in an instant I knew that I was in the presence of a real and absolute Christian. This man, I thought, may be strange and use language of a too vivid description when talking to soldiers, as his critics say, but he is very much alive, and has obviously got the goods. In five minutes I was at his feet, and in half an hour I had invited him to join the staff at St. Martin's, not because I thought it a good job for him, but because a vicar naturally longs to be able to offer the Gospel of Jesus Christ more powerfully to his people by the presence of a great personality. That meeting started our friendship, and although he soon left St. Martin's for other spheres of work, we remained devoted friends, and I treasure letters he wrote me that are too intimate to quote here.

He had not found himself then as he did in later years. He used expressions that were unnecessary in one who could hold the attention of his hearers without the aid of extravagant and unlovely phrases. I told him this, and he smiled and said nothing. I told him other things as well—that I did not like him being called

“Woodbine Willie”; that I did not think wearing war medals was appropriate with his speech; that he should not wear a top hat—he took it all in good part, but I do not think he heeded what I said.

It was supposed at that time by many who did not know Studdert Kennedy well that he was all heart and no head. No man was more grossly libelled, for I never met anyone in whom both heart and head were larger or more equally balanced, and no one ever had a deeper sympathy with suffering humanity.

Soon after I heard him preach. He talked at a service that was held in St. Martin-in-the-Fields for men and women in uniform. It was a time when the whole world seemed to be tottering; when anything might have happened, for many of those in uniform were tired of discipline, and were angry at not being allowed to go back to their homes, or because they had not been given the good jobs politicians had promised them later if they joined the Forces. A restive congregation looked up at the pulpit, when this strange little man, wearing a Military Cross on his surplice, began to speak to them. They listened spell-bound as he

poured out his eloquence. He first took the part of a mob orator, and invited them to run amok—to kill a policeman as he called it. When he had aroused their passionate resentment against all authority and had them hanging on his every word, he brought them right down to reality to face facts, and showed them the futility of a revolution. He sent them out of that church saying that they had never heard such speaking in their lives, nor been so impressed. I, myself, never heard Studdert speak with quite such power, nor saw a congregation so moved. Thousands had come to the church almost insane: they left it perfectly cured. If oratory does not effect anything, there was an exception that afternoon. In an hour something had been accomplished, and yet the lesson was taught with infinite sympathy, and with an obvious and passionate love for those who were passing through a difficult time.

Year by year I grew to know Studdert better and to love him more deeply, for we met often and had hours of talk. We did not always agree, but we knew each other's ways. Sometimes I shocked him without meaning to, for he had so tremendous a love for the Catholic Church

that I found some of my light-hearted criticisms cut him to the quick. I loved his absolute sincerity, but now and then it caused him to be misunderstood by those who did not know him well. His brain worked, I confess, a little too quickly for me. He went from one subject to another with such amazing rapidity that I was not always able to follow, or to remember afterwards just the points I had thought so forcible as they fell one after the other from his lips. With an intellect of striking quality he combined a power of speech such as we are not likely to hear again.

As a companion Studdert was a sheer delight, for he was a wholly lovable person. His laugh was a thing of joy, and his smile had a never-to-be-forgotten radiance. He would sit in an armchair, smoking endless cigarettes and drinking countless cups of tea, while he thrilled us with his wisdom and magnetic humour. His was the humour of one who laughs and makes jokes for the fun of it, and not merely for the purpose of evangelisation, though he could use it in every direction with equal irresistibility. To go to a theatre with him was to have your attention removed from the stage to the com-

panion at your side, who was laughing and chortling with enjoyment. Then suddenly, at a touch of pathos in the play, those wonderful eyes would grow large and sad, and he was not ashamed of letting tears fall down his cheeks.

I think his influence for good was the most powerful I have ever known, for his life was saintly, and he was a superb Christian warrior. Of Studdert Kennedy it may truly be said that his friendship was stimulating and strengthening through contact with Jesus Christ. He was of far too noble a character ever to be spoilt by human applause. He was as careless of his health as he was of his finance, for he longed with his whole soul to be of service to his neighbour, and to spend and be spent on behalf of his friends. He would have given everything he possessed if it had been asked of him in a moment of tragedy, and he occasionally expected his friends to be willing to follow his example. I remember once he took something that I valued to give to a poor man. No doubt he argued that I could replace it, but at the time I was angry, until I realized that if I had stripped the coat off his back to give it to a beggar, he would have counted it a privilege.

When I last saw him, I told him he could not go on for long at the pace he was working, making lightning journeys north, south, east and west, to deliver half a dozen sermons or speeches at each destination, with never a moment's thought for himself ; but he laughed my fears away. He persuaded me that he was the one exception who could tour the country unceasingly, and yet retain his freshness, vigour and health. But it was not to be. He died at the height of his power through reckless attention to duty and refusal to give in though he was gripped with illness and pain. It is impossible to imagine Studdert as an old man, or even staying long in one place, and it may be that the intensity of his work made it complete.

It is said that someone is always ready to fill a leader's place when he is removed, but I do not know of anyone who can completely fill the gap in the hearts of countless people throughout the country who called Studdert 'friend'. The world is the poorer by his death, and to his intimates his loss is heart-breaking and irreparable. His books perhaps may not live, but he will live. I fancy that for many a long year

there will be a tradition about him, one characteristic of which will be that the Christ-likeness of a little Irishman made his friendship as a fragrance of the love of Jesus Christ.

STUDDERT KENNEDY: THE
MAN AND HIS MESSAGE
WILLIAM TEMPLE

THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE

NO man can be fully appreciated by those who do not know him personally ; but some men can be appreciated at their full worth as orators, or thinkers, or even perhaps as prophets, by those who only know them through their writings and speeches. Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy was not one of these. His personality and his message were so completely bound up in one another that each required the other for its full interpretation. No doubt there were many who from his books, or (still more) from his speeches received a very vivid personal impression ; and the admiration felt for him by thousands who never met him was deeply coloured by personal affection. Yet it remains true that his speaking and writing struck home with still greater force upon those who had the high privilege of his friendship. He was so utterly true and real clean through ; he lived what he taught, and his teaching was the expression of living experience.

Thus all that he said about fellowship seemed a new thing when one had some glimpse of his intimate realization of other people's joys and sorrows. When he spoke of sacrifice, one remembered how he gave the whole of the receipts from one of his most successful books in an effort to help a man who was very badly on the rocks. Whenever I read some passages in his books or recall some of his most deeply moving utterances I shall remember how he carried that man and his troubles on his heart, and gave time and money and spiritual strength to hold him up. Or when I read some passages in *I Pronounce Them*, which appeared to many unduly to insist upon the difficulty of the Christian rule of marriage, or to show excessive sympathy to relationships which though true in loyalty are hopelessly irregular in respect of circumstance and sanction, I remember the real anguish with which he spoke of the problems of some who had consulted him. Whether in that same book he fully expressed to those who did not know him the real proportion of his thought, I cannot say. But to me, knowing his mind, there is no stronger or more persuasive statement of the Christian Law of Marriage,



Foy]

[Worcester

CHRISTOPHER

MICHAEL

PATRICK

with the demand for bitter sacrifice which it may entail, than the closing chapters of that book, nor any more searching challenge to faith than the vision of Christ appearing behind the lovers who, for His sake, part from one another, a figure with averted face, because the mystery of the sacrifice required is undisputed.

Just because for me the man was so completely the illustration and interpreter of his message, I am the less ashamed of the fact that until I met him I had been as much repelled as attracted by his utterances in books or speeches. I distrusted what then seemed to me an affected violence of language; he appeared to rejoice in administering shocks to respectability for the mere fun of doing it. In other words, I thought of him as a conscious poser. It is hard now to believe; but the fact is so. I was already fascinated by his brilliance, nearly always in agreement with his argument, greatly impressed by his intellectual grasp of his subject; yet I wished he would not say things just as he did. Then I made his acquaintance. My wife and I were the guests of the Headmaster of the King's School at Worcester, and he was to meet us at dinner. He arrived very late, and we had be-

gun the meal. He sat down, very hot and rather breathless, and talked without a pause for about twenty minutes. Then he abruptly fell silent, and scarcely uttered another syllable for a period almost as long. He had arrived keyed up by the effort of hurrying ; talked continuously and delightfully so long as the impulse moved that way ; when it was expended, he ceased till it stirred again. There was a convincing sense of utter unself-consciousness. It was the exact opposite of all that I had expected. Neither speech nor silence was for effect. He was not thinking about himself at all. He did not know he was there. Self played no part.

From that moment we were under his spell ; and every meeting deepened the sense of reality, passion, devoted love to men and loyalty to Christ. He could dare to be so utterly spontaneous because his dedication was so intimate and complete.

If to be a Priest is to carry others on the heart and offer them with self in the sacrifice of human nature—the Body and the Blood—to God the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, then Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy was the finest priest that I have known. And this

reality of Priesthood must everywhere be kept in mind as we review some elements in his message.

I propose to speak only of three such elements : they are the notes which make up the common chord of his music, and they concern the ideas of Society, of the Church, and of God.

I

Soon after the end of the war men knew that there was among us again a prophet of social righteousness in the true succession of Henry Scott Holland. It is true that at first there were some who went to hear Studdert Kennedy because he made them laugh, or said things which shocked the old-fashioned. But they soon found that behind the laughter and the jests was the authentic hunger and thirst after righteousness. Moreover, the use of ridicule diminished and the amount of solid argument increased with every year that he carried on his mission. He was far more of a student than either his admirers or his critics were usually aware. He was not, of course, engaged in original research, hunting up neglected docu-

ments and by their means throwing a new light on some historical conundrum. But he was a very genuine student none the less, reading and mastering the chief books on his subjects. He was never content to go to the writers who pass on the thought of others ; he went direct to the great thinkers, and with an astonishing combination of rapidity and precision absorbed their stores of knowledge. His vivid and flashing exposition of great themes was the outcome of severe mental labour and discipline. But his imagination was so keen that when he had digested a treatise, the expression of his own resultant thought was more like a lyric than an essay.

So he travelled over England proclaiming the sacred cause of social justice with a mind increasingly stored with the fruits of economic and sociological study. But the urging impulse was not in his thought, but in his heart ; it was the passion of sympathy with the victims of our present injustices.

At first his main interest was in the economic field, where the injustices are most obvious and the cry against them is most clearly raised. At that stage he made himself a thoroughly com-

petent scholar of economic facts and theories. But he never believed that the cure for economic evils was to be found by tinkering at the economic system or even by re-casting it. He was prepared to criticise it searchingly in many ways ; he eagerly desired many changes in it. But he never supposed that these alone would produce a just or a happy world. And he dreaded the effects of the concentration of attention upon it, for he thought this was the direct way to disappointment and a consequent embitterment even greater than now exists. Economic conditions are among the forces moulding the moral tendencies of those who are subjected to them ; but far more deeply true is it that those conditions themselves are rooted and grounded in a moral state and outlook, which must therefore be the first object of attack. This was always his conviction ; but it became more apparent as, under its influence, he shifted his main intellectual interest from Economics to Psychology. Here again he studied deeply. He was thoroughly well acquainted with the various schools of thought in that chaotic department of human inquiry, and singularly apt in picking out the salient charac-

teristics of each. His presentation of the ethical and political problems of the time in psychological terms was by the end quite masterly, and his claim that what the Gospel offers exactly meets the psychological requirements was most cogently worked out.

But while his own interest thus shifted from the external and economic conditions of modern life to the internal and psychological, he was increasingly called upon to help individuals in the difficulties of their moral and spiritual life. From the time of his return from the Army he was moving about England, making the great speeches for which he was chiefly known, but everywhere also conveying a sense of his capacity for sympathy and insight which led men and women, in numbers which grew in geometrical progression, to lay upon him their own troubles. So he was brought to that anxiety about our existing matrimonial laws and usages which finds expression in his latest writings. At once he set himself to read the really big and important books—even going back to primitive customs as these are searched out by Anthropology, so as to know what mankind is up against in its effort to win

mastery over the sex impulse. It was inevitable that a man so full of acute sympathy should shock some rigid upholders of tradition by his sensitiveness to the difficulties involved in adherence to the tradition. But there are others, of whom I am one, who felt that the case for the Christian principle had never been put before them so persuasively, so compellingly, as by him, just because he felt so vividly and so tenderly the hardness of it.

Thus there was a certain return to the starting point in his spiritual pilgrimage during his wonderful decade of prophecy after the restoration of peace. Sympathy for individuals, even when he was thinking of the great masses of mankind, was the source of chief inspiration. It led him through economics, sociology, psychology, back to the problems of individual lives. But through every stage the conviction remained that on these levels there was no solution at all. Human relationships, he was convinced, could only be wholesome when they were grounded in spiritual faith. So more and more the Church came to represent for him the hope of the world, because it exists to be a society where all particular relationships

are grounded in faith. But it was the Church as it might be, not the Church as it is, in which he found this hope.

II

His conception of the Church was undoubtedly and fully Catholic. There was no Puritanism about him. But the whole heart of Evangelicalism was in him, and he dreaded above all things a mechanical Catholicism. He valued most intensely the whole sacramental system. But it was not something apart from the rest of life ; it was just the culmination of that sacramental principle which for him illuminated both nature and human life. All material things were for him expressions of spirit. He had little belief in spiritual forces or experiences which had no material counterpart ; but just because the Spirit needed the material medium for its expression and effectiveness he was always watching lest the medium should become the centre of interest, and the Spirit be ignored. He clung to the sacraments and to sacramental order. But he greatly feared the concentration of attention on the sacramental rite in forgetfulness of the spiritual

meaning and energy of which it is the vehicle.

His attitude on this question can best be described by illustration. I remember a long conversation with him about sacramental Confession and Absolution. He strongly upheld its place in the system of the Church. He often urged the use of it on those who asked for his advice or help. But he was not prepared to admit that a priest, in virtue of his Ordination, could confer the full boon of forgiveness, irrespective of the spiritual level of life in the fellowship of the Church. The Church was, for him, a Society in which Love (which is the Holy Ghost) was vitally at work—in which, therefore, Forgiveness was a moving, living, permeating influence. The Priest, as the organ and mouth-piece of such a society, could give assurance to the penitent that his sin did not exclude him from this movement of divine forgiveness in the Christian fellowship, but that in virtue of his penitence he was free of it. But where the actual members were selfish, censorious, unsympathetic—there the Priest could only declare the divine good-will to the sinner; he could not in the same way actually convey it,

because the selfishness of the society for which he acted blocked its effective flow.

So for Studdert Kennedy salvation was always social. A man might be damned alone ; indeed to be spiritually alone would be damnation. But he could not be saved alone. For to be saved is to be held in the fellowship of Love ; the fellowship is part of it.

Once more, I recall his teaching of the Eucharistic Sacrifice. He held the full Catholic doctrine—Real Presence, Sacrifice, Communion. We take the Bread (so he taught us) and offer it, bless it, break it, that it may be to us the very Body of Love. But while most Catholic doctrine lays all its stress on what the Bread becomes to us, he laid equal stress on what it is to begin with, which enables it to become that other and greater thing. Bread is the common food of men ; but it is first the fruit of man's labour upon God's gift. God gave the soil, and the properties of the seed, and the sun and the rain. Man ploughed the land, and sowed the seed, and reaped the harvest, and ground the corn, and baked the flour. Often too, for us at least, bread reaches us by the labour of ship-builders, seamen, merchants.

We purchase it by our products of coal and iron and all manner of other things sent to the great corn growing countries. Thus Bread is not a mere symbol of the labour of mankind ; it is itself that labour materialised in its product. What we lay on the Altar, asking God to accept our oblations, is the toil whereby mankind wins its life from day to day. This we pray God to bless that it may be the Body of Christ—the Body of that Love which came down from Heaven that it might fill all society. On that Body—that world-wide living vehicle of the Divine Spirit, of whose glory Heaven and Earth are full, we seek to feed, as by faith we open our inmost being to receive it. So the Eucharist is the focus, the gathering into a single spiritual act, of all the meaning of human life, all the aspiration towards the perfected civilisation.

Not every Eucharist is that in the experience of the worshippers. Nor is every congregation an assembly of those united in the perfect fellowship of Love Divine. But this is what Eucharist and Church exist to become increasingly until the eternal purpose is fulfilled and God has summed up all things in Christ.

III

What has been said already involves something of Studdert Kennedy's conception of God. I do not think I ever heard him mention the doctrine of the Trinity in set terms, but no one has ever held a fuller Trinitarian belief. To most Christians one of the Persons is less in the primary focus of attention than the others ; but to him the Three Persons were equally real ; the worship of his whole being was equally given to each. At some times he spoke as though God were for him chiefly a movement towards beauty and love in the physical world and in the hearts of men. Certainly, he never thought of God as a wholly external Creator, who manufactured the universe, as a man may make a watch, afterwards standing apart from it and watching the wheels go round. In the terms that have become current, he always thought of God as immanent in the world and in its processes. But this never exhausted his conception of God, who was for him always, and equally, transcendent. Only this transcendence was never a blank " otherness ". God, he would make men feel, is all the Beauty and all

the Love that there is ; but He is also more than this ; and is not only the actual Love and Beauty in the world, but is the living personal Spirit of Love and Beauty, by whose presence and energy mountains and flowers are beautiful or men are loving. And all of this found its perfect expression in the life of Jesus Christ, in whom Nature is truly itself, just because it is utterly indwelt by God.

But across the lovely face of Nature, and distorting the soul of Man which was made for Love, lies the trail of Evil. I do not think he cared much how it came to be there. His concern with it was two-fold : How to believe in and love God in spite of it ; and how to get rid of it. He saw that these two questions are at root the same. For if it cannot be got rid of, that argues some fatal defect in the Creator. But if it can, then the process of getting rid of it will be the means of revealing the perfected glory of God.

So the Cross became the centre of all his faith in God. It was inevitable that his sensitive sympathy should make the problem of suffering a central mystery for his mind. In the Cross he found a clue to its solution. But it always

seemed to me that he never quite mastered his own thought here. To him the supreme consolation was found in the thought that God also suffers. The Cross was for him no incident of our Lord's human experience only : it was the centre of the Gospel Revelation of God. So far I am quite sure that he was right. It has always seemed to me the great and indeed capital defect in the theology of another and very different teacher of our generation, Baron F. von Hügel, (and I do not hesitate to mention them in this way together, if penetrating intuition may be put beside massive construction) that he nowhere integrates the Passion of Christ with his ultimate thought of God. But I cannot help thinking that Studdert Kennedy here did what prophets so often bewilder men by doing ; he omitted to mention what he took for granted. For him the great illumination came from the realization that God does not watch our agonies from afar, but suffers in and with his children. But if this is really all that can be said, then, for one who realizes the burden of evil as he did, suicide is the only reasonable course—or would be if we could only be sure that it procured annihilation. What

makes the thought of suffering in God a comfort and inspiration is the fact that the very Name of God stands for Power and Joy, so that to think of suffering as something real in Him is to think of the reality of suffering as swallowed up in the joyous victory of Love triumphant through sacrifice.

That this was really his belief appears from much that he said and wrote, but it was seldom fully expressed, and in the agony of the war or while that was still fresh and still torturing his soul, the element of suffering in God was pressed to the furthest limit in his utterances, and the thought of triumph scarcely came through. None the less, though not expressed, it was there at the back of his mind, always really colouring and sometimes even controlling his argument. And it governed, more, I think, than he was at all aware, his thought about prayer.

I have tried so far to give an account of his message, as it impressed me, without quotations. Though so many of his sayings were memorable, there is no one who suffers so much from isolated quotations. They conceal the close coherence of his thought. But his style was

part of his message, and in place of many brief quotations I give one chapter from *The Hardest Part* in full (pp. 101-118); it is a passage which illustrates at once his style in its combination of raciness with high eloquence, his penetrating thought, his sympathy, and his spiritual insight. It is appropriate here because of what it says and implies both about God and about prayer.

GOD AND PRAYER.

In the trenches during a heavy bombardment. It lasted over two hours. We could do nothing but sit still and wait. A sergeant on one side of me swore great oaths and made jokes by turns. A man somewhere on the other side kept praying aloud, in a broken and despairing sort of way, shivering out piteous supplications to God for protection and safety.

I wish that chap would chuck that praying. It turns me sick. I'd much rather he swore like the sergeant. It's disgusting, somehow. It isn't religion, it's cowardice. It isn't prayer, it's wind. I'd like to shut him up. He probably seldom, if ever, prayed before, and now he

substitutes prayer for pluck. I wouldn't mind if he'd pray for pluck, but it's all for safety. I hate this last resort kind of religion ; it's blasphemy. The decent men all despise it. Look at the sergeant's face. That other chap keeps banging into his mind a connexion between Christ and cowardice. That's where the blasphemy comes in. There is not, and there cannot be, any connexion between Christ and cowardice. I wonder who is to blame for this miserable caricature of Christian prayer. Is it the chap himself ? Is it just common blue funk, or are his teachers partly to blame, who lead him to suppose that God could and would hearken to this piteous wailing ? I wonder is there something wrong in the way men learn to pray ?

“ Whatsoever ye ask in My name, I will do it for you.” It is a sweeping kind of promise, and easily misunderstood. Lots of Christians seem to think it means that prayer is a kind of magic cheque upon the Bank of Heaven, only needing the formal endorsement with Christ's name to make it good for anything.

Of course it does not come off. Millions of such cheques are dishonoured every day. When the war broke out there was a regular run upon

the bank of God, and our Churches were thronged with distracted people waving cheques for protection, duly endorsed "through Jesus Christ, our Lord," and still the German host swept on and trampled helpless Belgium underfoot. I suppose there must have been millions of German and Austrian prayer-cheques presented at the same time. They soon got sick of it, of course, and fell away. In a dim way they realized that it was useless, and a waste of time. I believe we parsons were, and are still, much to blame. We have not told people the truth about prayer for fear of hurting their feelings or discouraging them in their prayers. We went on the theory that any kind of prayer is better than no prayer at all. A chaplain said that to me the other day. "Don't discourage last-resort religion ; it is better than no religion at all." I don't agree. It's worse than no religion ; it's a base and superstitious form of idolatry.

I think there can be little doubt that we have encouraged this magic idea by the monotonous and formal ending of our prayers with the sacred Name, as if the name had power in itself. Of course prayer in Christ's name means prayer in Christ's spirit. The greatest of all prayers

does not contain the Name, but is drenched with the spirit. What is Christ's spirit? In a word, "heroism." God and my duty first—a long way first. God's will above and beyond all other things. My pals and other people second. Myself and my own desires last, and a long way last, almost nowhere. That is Christ. Now what's this poor devil thinking about? Not his duty, not his pals; he's forgotten all about them. His whole mind is filled with one idea; the safety of his own skin. Well, don't be hard on him. Perhaps he has a wife and kiddie at home, like your Patrick. I don't want to be hard, but I must be Christian. Christ said: "He that hateth not father and mother," and other fierce sentences. He made it plain that in big things, when God's will was made clear to us, we must put Him and duty out away beyond even wife and kiddies. It may be hard, but it is Christian. This is not prayer at all. Cowardice has turned it into sin. It is sin, not prayer. To think of one's own skin now, to pray for one's own safety, is sin. There is no such thing as selfish prayer. There is no such thing as prayer which does not put God first. That is the essence of it. That is

the spirit. The name without the spirit is as futile as the mumbo-jumbo of a conjurer. This chap's prayer is much more sinful than the sergeant's swears. There is love in the sergeant's blasphemy. He may not be thinking about God, but he is thinking about his platoon. He may not be a Christian, but at any rate he's not a coward.

I suppose he has the ordinary brave man's idea about death and danger. He's a fatalist. "If it's coming, it's coming; if it ain't, it ain't; and any'ow, I can't 'elp it." That's what he'd say. "If the bullet or the shell is made that has my name on it, then I'm for it any'ow." It isn't the Christian way. It isn't the noblest way. But it's a brave way. It resists the temptation of fear. It crushes down this cursed terror that takes your spirit by the throat and drives it into selfish cowardice—the cowardice that will not let you do your job with all your heart and soul, and think of your comrades first. It means, at any rate, that the spirit holds its own even if it can't attack.

Of course the Christian spirit rips through that and goes out beyond it. It is not merely fatalistic in that dull sort of way; it is utterly

and joyfully reckless. Danger doesn't matter, death doesn't matter ; only God and the job matter at all. The Christian spirit despises death and laughs at danger, if they be on the road where duty leads. It does not merely face the shadow of death ; it sees through it into the life beyond ; it does not merely withstand fear, it tramples it underfoot, it kills it, and leaps out to find the courage of the Cross. The Christian spirit is the spirit of positive, powerful, and infectious heroism. It is not content with refusing to let pals down, it seeks to encourage, inspire, and uplift them. It is the spirit of that supremest kind of moral courage which includes physical courage, and transforms the splendour of the bull-dog into the splendour of the Christ. The British Army is full of splendid bull-dogs like this old swearing sergeant, and they make it glorious. But, dear God, what an army we would have if every soldier prayed, and, through prayer, caught up the spirit of the Christ ! An army of British Christians would take the Kaiser in its stride and beat the devil himself.

I see Gethsemane ; I always see it these days. Christ Himself was once in danger of

losing that splendid spirit. He is faced with the agony of the Cross. The sickening feeling that men, who have stood as we stand now, know something of, sweeps over Him. It is worse for Him ; how much worse we cannot altogether understand. He was alone for one thing ; that made it worse. God, how I hate being alone with darkness and the fear of death. One pal makes all the difference. He had no chance either ; there was no hope of a blighty one and then home. It is certain death, and certain torture. He is in the grip of terror. We see Him alone in the garden, praying. Three times the horror of the Cross wrings from His lips the human cry : “ If it be possible, let this cup pass from Me.” Let Me off, O God ; let Me off, I cannot bear it. That is not His prayer, that is what He is praying against, that is the expression of the terror He has to fight. But each time the prayer follows, the real prayer, with power that receives immediate answer : “ Nevertheless, Thy will be done.” That is the real prayer. They ruined it all for me as a child ; they told me that God’s will was the Cross. God wished Christ to be crucified ; He wished Judas to be a traitor,

Pilate a coward, the priests to be fiends, and the crowd to be cruel and fickle-hearted. It was all part of His plan. Of course that is impossible. God cannot plan treachery and murder. They told me that when Christ realized that His prayer could not be answered, He meekly bowed His head to God's plan, and said: "Thy will be done." The cry of agony was the prayer, and "Thy will be done" an act of meek submission. It is the topsy-turvy kind of interpretation that arises from the Almighty Monarch on the Throne idea of God, Who wills both good and evil. But it is madness. God could not will the Cross. It must have been utterly abhorrent to Him. God's will for Christ was that He should live the perfect life, bear witness to the final truth, and bear the torch of perfect love undimmed through everything. That was God's will, and Christ's work; and if it was to be done, it must mean that the Cross be carried, and all it meant endured, to the very end. That was necessary because of sin. So in His agony Christ prays, "Thy will be done." The prayer is immediately answered. The angel of God appears to comfort Him. Terror dies within His

soul, hesitation disappears, and with His battle prayer upon His lips, "Thy will be done," He goes out from the garden in the majesty of manhood to bear witness to His truth, to live in death so fine a life, that He becomes the light in darkness of every age, and the deathless hope of a dying world.

The great truth is that "Thy will be done" is the real prayer of Gethsemane. It is the prayer, and not an afterthought of sad submission in case God cannot answer the prayer to be let off.

Too often we model our prayers upon the false interpretation of Gethsemane. Our prayers are too often either a wail of agony or a kind of indent upon God for supplies to meet our needs, with "Thy will be done" put in at the end in case God cannot take away the pain we plead against or grant us the supplies we need. "Thy will be done" ceases to be the great prayer, and becomes the necessary apology for praying.

It becomes an act of passive submission instead of an act of positive and powerful inspiration. Much of our war prayer in Churches at home, and much of our peace prayer too, is

rendered futile by this false conception. We parsons are to blame. We have been kind to be cruel because we were afraid of being cruel to be kind ; we have failed to be Christian because we tried to be kinder than Christ. We have not called upon our people for heroism in their prayers. We have accepted the lower standard, and excused it by saying that it is human. Of course it is human, but religion must be more than human or else it must be vain. We have allowed our people, and even encouraged them, to fill our churches with cries of agony for those they loved, "Let this cup pass from them," and have allowed them to believe that it was prayer, provided they would add the great submission, "Thy will be done."

We have failed, in fact, to put first things first. The first thing, by far the first, that every Christian mother should learn to pray for her son, and every Christian wife for her husband, is that by him and through him, at whatever cost, God's will may be done. We must learn to leave the matter of life and death entirely in God's hands, and pray that in life or death our men may keep their manhood clean from every spot of cowardice or sin.

Especially must we teach our children this. The first prayer I want my son to learn to say for me is not "God keep Daddy safe", but "God make Daddy brave, and if he has hard things to do make him strong to do them". Life and death don't matter, Pat, my son; right and wrong do. Daddy dead is daddy still, but daddy dishonoured before God is something awful, too bad for words. I suppose you'd like to put in a bit about the safety too, old chap, and mother would. Well, put it in, but afterwards, because it does not really matter near so much. Every man, woman, and child should be taught to put first things first in prayer, both in peace and war, and that I believe is where we have failed.

We have taught our people to use prayer too much as a means of comfort. Not in the original and heroic sense of uplifting, inspiring, strengthening, but in the more modern and baser sense of soothing sorrow, dulling pain, and drying tears. The comfort of the cushion, not the comfort of the Cross. Because we have failed in prayer to bear the Cross, we have also failed to win the crown.

From the soldier's point of view the condem-

nation of such prayers begins with the conviction, bought by bitter experience, that they do not work. Religion as an insurance policy against accident in the day of battle is discredited in the army. The men have lost what faith in it they ever had. Just as the rain descends upon the just and the unjust, so do the shells, and good and bad, praying and prayerless, are shattered into bits. It is terrible, but it is true ; as terrible and as true as life. The flying death that shrieks in a shell is as impartial as an avalanche or a volcano. It is as inevitable as the Cross. Though in their agony men cry to God if it be possible to let it pass, it will not pass if the laws by which it flies must bring it to your feet. As God did not quench the fires that burned the martyrs or close the lions' mouths before they tore them limb from limb, so God does not turn aside the shell that flies shrieking out the call to martyrdom for me or for my son. Even as I pray now I may be blown to bits, as Christ, still praying, suffered on the Cross, and as His followers all down the ages have died the death with prayers upon their lips. Christ never promised to those who prayed immunity from suffering and death.

Well, then, what use is praying? What answers do we win? We win the only answer worth having, the power to pass through danger and through death with a spirit still unbroken and a manhood still unstained.

In all these things we can be more than conquerors through Him Who loves us, because through prayer He can pour into us the gift of the splendid spirit. And it does not end there, for having poured it into us, He can, through our prayers for others, pour it through us into them. The splendid spirit can run through the men who really pray, like a stream of living fire, out into the world of men and women who need just that, and only that, for with that comes all that's best worth having in this world.

A shell is just an iron sin, like the nail that pierced His feet. It is just sin wrought into metal. Sin can be worked into any form. It is just a gift of God misused. Sin takes form and substance in a million ways: it pours forth in speech, it is painted in colours, it is built into bricks and mortar, it is carved into marble. Wherever a gift of God is misused sin takes form. It took the form of a wooden cross and crucified the Son of God; it takes the form of

an iron shell and kills God's children by the score. War is just sin in a million forms, in a million of God's gifts misused. God cannot deal with war in any other way than that by which He deals with sin. He cannot save us from war except by saving us from sin.

How does God deal with sin ? By what way does He conquer it ? By the way of the Cross, the way of love. He suffers for it ; He takes it upon himself, and He calls on us to share His burden, to partake of His suffering. He makes an army of the Cross, an army of men and women who pledge themselves to fight with sin and gladly suffer in the fight, that by their strife and suffering the power of evil may be broken and the world redeemed.

Prayer is the means of communication by which the suffering and triumphant God meets His band of volunteers and pours His Spirit into them, and sends them out to fight, to suffer, and to conquer in the end.

Prayer will not turn away the shell from my body ; it will not change the flight of the bullet ; but it will ensure that neither shell nor bullet can touch me, the real me. Prayer cannot save me from sorrow, but it can draw the sting of sorrow

by saving me from sin. And in the end, through prayer and the army of those that pray, God will reach down to the roots of war and tear them from the world. When at last through prayer the stream of the Spirit has flowed out to all, men will look upon their guns, their bombs, their gas cylinders as mad monstrosities, and will take the metal from the earth to mould and beat it, not into engines of death, but into means of beauty and of life.

Prayer, true prayer, will bring us victory. For victory comes at last to those who are willing to make the greatest venture of faith, and the supremest sacrifice. By prayer we can reach Berlin. But more than that, by prayer we can conquer war itself, and march at last into the new Jerusalem of God.

With that quotation I leave this effort to describe Studdert Kennedy and his message. I wish I could think that I had conveyed to those who read this sketch a touch of Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy's fascination—his quickness of wit, his love of absurdity, his unquenchable sympathy, his fiery zeal, his consuming devotion, his prophetic exaltation, his childlike simplicity

of faith. But I trust I have said enough to show why many of us regard him as one of God's greatest gifts to our generation, and think it among the chief of our privileges that we were allowed to enjoy his friendship.

EPILOGUE:

J. K. MOZLEY

The following sermon was preached on Friday, April 19th, 1929, in Grosvenor Chapel, by the Rev. J. K. Mozley, D.D., Warden of St. Augustine's House, Reading, at a Requiem for the late Rev. G. A. Studdert Kennedy. It appeared in "The Guardian" of April 26th, and is reproduced here with the courteous and ready assent of the Manager of that paper.

EPILOGUE:

PROPHET, PASTOR AND TEACHER

And he gave some to be prophets . . . some pastors and teachers.—Eph. iv : 11.

DESPITE all the research which continues to be made in connexion with Christian origins and the early development of the Christian ministry, there is much which we do not know and shall probably never know. In particular, the New Testament epistolary literature contains several passages relevant to the ministry of which the precise significance is beyond us. It is so in the first letter to Thessalonica, in I. Corinthians, in Hebrews and in this Ephesian epistle. We hear of persons who were in some sense official ministers of the Church. But what exactly their function was, how we should think of their ordination, what was their relation to one another, and how in their persons a local ministry in the particular congregation was combined with a universal status limited

only by the whole congregation of Christian people dispersed throughout the world, are problems of the greatest intricacy. It is a region of exploration very fruitful in conditional hypotheses.

So it is with the words of my text :—" Some prophets, some pastors and teachers." How were such persons recognized? Were they ordained? Were they presbyters? How were they related to the apostolate on the one hand and to the local Church on the other? Was the group of prophets an exclusive group quite different from another group of pastors and teachers? The questions are inevitable, the answers uncertain. Uncertain except for one certainty. The final explanation of these persons was to be found only in God's will and God's grace. Like Amos and Jeremiah, like John the son of Zachariah and Saul of Tarsus, they were called and chosen and sent. They were gifts of the ascended Christ to the Church; men in whom the Spirit who was the inner life of the whole Church and of every member worked for the achievement of special ends.

The gifts of God do not cease. And we are here this morning to remember and give

thanks for one of them, one who was prophet, pastor and teacher, one who had given his whole heart and all the richness of those wonderful powers with which he was endowed to the service of God and of God's children. And deep as is our sense and the sense of thousands of others of his loss, most deep when our knowledge of him was that of long and close friendship, yet deeper is our thankfulness to God for his life and for that strong love of his which was as a fire from which so many drew light and warmth into their souls. I would speak of him here first as prophet, then as pastor and teacher, and then of one or two of those personal characteristics which were so deeply engraved in his humanity and stamped upon the work which he accomplished as a minister of Christ and Christ's Church.

First, then, his voice was the authentic voice of a prophet. If not always, yet in great classical instances of prophecy, the prophet speaks because he must ; his bones consume within him and he cannot keep silence though he would. You know how this is described in the Old Testament : " The word of the Lord

came to me." Some message it is about God and man, about righteousness and judgment, about history and destiny: and the message must be given whether men will hear or whether they will forbear. Do we not recognize the signs in Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy? It is said that the war brought him out, gave him his opportunity. That is true enough if we are thinking simply of the mediate occasion. But if we wish to speak the full truth, we must say that in and through the war he became what he essentially was, and that which he was he was by God's gift. What the war did was, by the utter violence of its contrast, to open his eyes to the vision which was already there within his soul of the true relation of men to God and to one another, of the inadequacy of any theory about life and the instability of any ordering of life in which that true relation was not expressed, of the need for so thorough a christianization of life as should leave no part outside the scope of Christ's redeeming work and the recreative energies of the Holy Spirit. For him the division between the secular and the sacred had utterly disappeared, because for him the secular could achieve its proper end only by

becoming the sacred. This was luminously clear in his attitude to the whole problem of money and finance. This is just what the Hebrew Prophets said ; what they were always trying to show their contemporaries was that true worship and service of God is impossible when life is split up into compartments. God must come in everywhere if He is to come in at all. A Christian prophet will see this far more clearly in the light of the Incarnation, and to Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy the Incarnation was the masterlight of all his seeing.

The true prophet is one who sees life truly and does not speak smooth things to obscure the truth. Well, he of whom we are thinking saw most truly ; one of the profoundest facts of life—its continual tension in all human relations, which inevitably involves the presence of suffering. Most clear was his vision here, most brave his facing of that vision. He gave no easy message ; his sympathy with all sufferers cost him dear ; but he never suggested that there was any means of evading the tension, conflict, and suffering of life. What he did insist upon was the all-important difference between destructive and constructive conflict,

upon the possibility of turning to good account the element of conflict which enters into life. Similarly, he insisted that what may be called the gambling instinct was one which so far from being essentially ignoble could be applied to the highest ends.

The true prophet is a student of life who penetrates to its meaning in the light of the knowledge of God. Such was Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy. It is on this that I would lay stress. There is a natural tendency to suppose that for one who has the gift of eloquence in a very high degree the expression of his ideas will be more remarkable and worthy of attention than the ideas themselves. His eloquence was quite out of the common, but it was the thought which came through the words which was the driving force in what he said.

But the Prophet is not infallible, and the last thing he would wish of a friend would be less sincerity than was so fully his. As he well knew, I could not at all agree with him in his reading back of suffering into the life of God, which was part of his tendency to construe theology almost exclusively in terms of Christology, and that critical point in Christology, the

Cross, in terms of the continual actual correspondence between the sufferings of men and the suffering of Christ. Yet if his interpretation of his vision was one which was less valid than the vision itself, that vision brought and kept him gazing up at that which is the heart of the Gospel, the Cross of Christ.

That he had the stamp of the Prophet would be widely acknowledged. And his work in his latter years threw into high relief his prophetic gift. But he was no less pastor than prophet. Indeed, while the abandonment of the exercise of the Prophet's gift before the great audiences which he was accustomed to address in so many widely-separated places would, I believe, have cost him far less than, in such a case, popular opinion anticipates, it would have been the deepest distress to him had he been unable to continue, in a parish congregation and in dealing with individual souls, the work of a pastor. And since his prophetic task imposed on him, as on every true prophet, most severe and exacting obligations of a peculiar kind, a constant heavy pressure on his inner life, the surrender of such work would have been, doubtless, a real sacrifice, yet one for

which there would have been rich compensation in the less stormy though not less real labours of a parish priest, for choice among the very poor. I expect that many, not only of those who occasionally heard him, but of those who had some acquaintance with him, failed to realize how his own religious life moved along the well-trodden paths of Catholic practice, so that there he was at home.

Of the character of his teaching as a parish priest I cannot speak with first-hand acquaintance, but he was through and through a Churchman and a sacramentalist. That was the background of his humanitarianism. There are passages in his writings which reveal how much the Eucharist meant to him, while if the circumstances of his ministry had permitted it, I think he would have been one of the most widely-sought confessors of his time, a well-equipped and wise director of souls. Because he put things in a manner of his own, because in his reading of big books and his continual reflexion on the religious and moral problems of the day, he met with difficulties through which he could not always find his way, it was natural that his very deep affinity with the

Catholic outlook and attitude should be unduly overlooked. Yet as pastor and teacher he knew one and one only path and rule of guidance—that of Catholic Christianity.

I pass finally to the mention of certain qualities which shone through our friend, lighting up his whole character from within and giving it a singular constancy and strength. First, he was sincere with that finest type of sincerity which means sincerity not only towards others but towards oneself. It is the sincerity which counts most and costs most. And Geoffrey Studdert Kennedy did not spare himself. He bore the pain of his unflinching, open-eyed struggle to penetrate to the heart of things. He was utterly removed from the orator for whom the effect of his words upon others is of more importance than their intrinsic truth. He was the reverse of a sentimental idealist. His sole concern was with facts as they are, and against them he sought no protection.

Then, secondly, he was a man of great courage. I do not think he had any special endowment of physical courage. That, indeed, so far as life's uncertain tenure is concerned, came to him through one incident in the war, when the

fear of death fell from him, as he was sure, for ever. But of far greater account than this was his complete moral fearlessness. He aroused enthusiasm but never through courting the breeze of popular favour. He aroused opposition and refused to modify his message to avoid it. He was brave enough to try to tell all sorts and conditions of men the truth as he saw it. And, finally, he combined in a most remarkable manner a very vivid and rich personality with an absence of that self-centredness which is so often its evil but most natural associate. He was not busy with himself but with the work which he had to do. His entire lack of self-consciousness was, if expressed positively, just that simplicity of nature which leaves no room for the obtrusion of self. When, at the end of one of the most impressive addresses I ever heard, at a great meeting in the Albert Hall, he knelt down on the platform, he did so because at the moment to kneel down and pray was the one thing natural for him. Out of the full stores of his personality came his laughter and tears, that blending of humour and pathos which only an Irishman can achieve, his love of talk, his incalculable whimsicalities : but they came

unattended by that spirit of self which spoils the fineness of the gold.

So we return to our first thought, of thankfulness—thankfulness for the man, the friend, the prophet, the pastor, the teacher, the priest, for this creative personality, the poet (whatever be the value of his verse), who did much and suffered much and was always ready to learn through what he did and suffered. I cannot think of his death as untimely : rather do I see in his death, while he was at the height of his powers, the supreme example of that law of sacrifice which was so truly the law of his life. He who was so extraordinarily lovable gave himself in love : and our love follows him within the veil where, more openly and fully than here, the vision and the love of God, the God who so loved the world that He gave His son Jesus Christ our Lord, are the life of His children.

THE END



